

PR

4271

B33

1802





Class PR 4271

Book .B 33
1802

THE
PROGRESS
OF THE
PILGRIM
GOOD-INTENT,
IN
JACOBINICAL TIMES.

69
2044

“And be these juggling fiends no more believ’d,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise in our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

SHAKESPEAR.

Wm. B. Burges

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GEORGE HOUGH,
And sold at his Office, wholesale and retail.

1802.

PTM 211
B372
1862

320134

P R E F A C E.

AMONG the various causes which may be assigned for the extraordinary corruption of the human race, one of the most powerful has, perhaps, in all ages, been the perversion of language. Did Vice stalk abroad unveiled in her native deformity, few, whose minds were not under the immediate influence of some impetuous passion, would have sufficient boldness to meet the terrors of her aspect; few could resolve to incur the infamy which would inevitably cover those who appeared in her train. To such, therefore, as would seize the fatal pleasures which she boasts her power to offer, no expedient can occur by which they may more effectually evade the reproaches of their own consciences, and the just censure of the world, than to invent a new vocabulary; to call evil *good*; and good *evil*; and when, by the use of these false terms, they have imposed false ideas on the credulity of an inconsiderate multitude, they find it easy to seduce into a participation in their crimes, many a heart, in which had virtue been supported by principle, it would have resisted every assault.

But, how extensive soever were the mischiefs which in former days proceeded from this source, it might have been hoped that time would long since have brought some remedy for the evil. It was easy to deceive men whose faculties were buried in that credulous ignorance which characterized the darker ages; but now,—when civilization has roused us from our savage state, and when the glorious light of the Gospel of Truth has spread the beams of the purest morality over our favoured hemisphere,—who could suppose it possible that Falsehood should not only maintain, but extend her empire? Unhappily, as our means of obtaining knowledge have increased, the subtilty of our deceivers has increased also; and it may be doubted whether

ther the opinions of mankind respecting the true nature of virtue and vice, were ever more lost and confounded at any former period; than we now behold them in these latter days, among those who most confidently boast the superior illumination of their minds.

Our great progenitor, ADAM, could assert, of those objects of the visible creation which appeared in review before him,

“I nam’d them as they pass’d, and understood.

“Their natures :”—

MILTON.

but who, “of men since born, his sons,” can affirm that he understands the nature of any object in the moral world, if it be only known to him by the name assigned to it in the school of PHILOSOPHISM! The language of NIMROD himself would not be less intelligible to our ears, than the phraseology introduced by these modern teachers is become to our sense; and the state of society was not more completely changed by the confusion of tongues in his age, than we have already seen it in our own, by that universal confusion of ideas which prevails on the continent of Europe; where every species of tyranny and impiety,

——“Vult libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.”

HOR.

In this more fortunate country, indeed, whilst through the protection of a gracious Providence, the valour of our fleets and armies has repelled all open assailants from our shores, maintaining us still in the possession of our independence and freedom, the machinations of those secret and more dangerous enemies, who have sought to undermine our religion, have been resisted hitherto with equal firmness; and we still retain unshaken the Church and the Constitution, transmitted to us by the wisdom of our ancestors. While other nations, therefore, vainly pride themselves in the same they have acquired, by giving birth to those pernicious writers, who have disseminated infidelity, and added new attractions to vice, let it be our more dignified boast, that, in this land, no foe to our holy faith

has

has questioned the authority of any of her doctrines, which some champion of superior strength has not arisen to defend ; that, among us, the weight of talents is thrown into the scale of truth.

Conviction, however, will rarely reclaim the wilful promoters of error ; though confuted, they are not silenced ; though repulsed, they return with redoubled confidence to the assault ; and while the teachers of false morality are employing in this island, to confound our principles, the same arts, by which, in other European kingdoms, they have so fatally prevailed ; it becomes the duty of every man, who is sensible of the importance of those religious and political truths, which united form the great palladium of our State, to exert his utmost efforts in resisting the attacks, and exposing the wiles, of our arch-enemy, PHILOSOPHISM.

—“Quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,

“Tanto, nate, magis, contende tenacia vincla.” VIRGIL.

While, with the worst designs, the name of every moral virtue is assigned to its opposite vice, the unwary are led into danger, even by the goodness of their own intentions. Reflection on the arts thus used to impose on their credulity, has suggested the idea of the following pages. Mr. JOHN BUNYAN is an author so generally known, that it can scarcely be necessary to make any preliminary observations on the quaint allegory which is taken as the ground work of the present performance. The pilgrim CHRISTIAN, was the companion of our childhood, till the refinements of modern education banished him from our nurseries. He still retains his place on the shelves of our grandmothers ; from which high station may he look down with paternal regard upon the labours of this his descendant, who, by the careful use of his itinerary, has accomplished a progress similar to his own, even in *Jacobinical* times !

1924

1924

1924

1924

1924

1924

1924

1924

THE
P R O G R E S S
OF THE
PILGRIM GOOD-INTENT,
IN
JACOBINICAL TIMES.

IT was lately my chance to walk alone in the wilderness of this world, where I saw many things which were grievous and doleful to my eyes, and where I heard of many more which did even make my hair to stand on end; for behold! the earth was filled with violence, and the number of the faithless ones was increased. Now, as I mused thereon, and was wearied through the length of my way; at the last, my eyes grew heavy, and I laid me down to sleep; and in my sleep, I dreamed; and methought I was in a wide plain, where many were passing to and fro; and after a time there came towards me an old gentleman, whom, when I saw him, I knew to be Mr. Sagacity; the same who had formerly recounted, to one who had visited those parts, the adventures of certain pilgrims, in their road from the city of *Destruction* to the *Celestial Country*: So when he accosted me, I was glad; and, after the first greetings were past; I began to speak with him of the pilgrim Christian; also of Christiana his wife, with her children and companions; and of all the dangers and difficulties which had encountered them in their journey: and I found it some solace to my thoughts, which had been occupied with the deeds of ungodly men, to turn them to the remembrance of the righteous of former days, and of the glorious rewards which had attended such at the last.

Now

Now as I knew that Christian and Christiana had left behind them four sons, and that to those sons also children had been born, I asked Mr. Sagacity whether any of their lineage were yet remaining unto this day? and whether, if there were, they were mindful of the good example which their ancestors had set them?

"The family hath multiplied exceedingly," answered he; "and all who have belonged to it, ever since the days of Christian, have held themselves obliged to set out on the same pilgrimage, which was so happily performed by that good man: yea, though some of them have perished by the way, yet there have been many who have accomplished their appointed course, and who are now partakers in those glorious rewards which are laid up for all faithful pilgrims in the *Celestial City*."

"I am glad," quoth I, "to hear of their good success; yet it grieves me that there should have been any, among the descendants of such a man as Christian, who have not walked worthy of the vocation whereunto they were called."

"Why truly," replied the old gentleman, "you have less cause to wonder that some should have forsaken the right path, than that any should have kept on their course in it unshaken; for though, in the time of Christian, the road of the pilgrims was both difficult and perilous, the dangers which beset it now are much more numerous, and the allurements to turn aside from it less easy to be resisted."

"I can scarcely think that possible," answered I; "for, besides that the things which happened unto Christian must have served both for ensample and for warning to all succeeding pilgrims, I imagined that all the most formidable enemies of their way had long since been removed. Did not the foul fiend, Apollyon, spread his wings, when he felt the edge of Christian's sword, and flee to the place from which he came? Did not Mr. Valiant-for-truth defeat the robbers? And were not the giants Grim, Maul, and Slay-good, and above all, that fierce and terrible giant, the giant Despair,

Despair, cut off by the hand of Mr. Great-heart? Truly you will not easily persuade me that any new foes, who may in later times have arisen to annoy the pilgrims, can have equal power with those I have named to work their final destruction."

At that Mr. Sagacity smiled, but withal he shook his head. "There are many," said he, "even among the pilgrims themselves, who reason as you do, and accordingly set out on their course with much confidence; but so much the less as they fear the dangers which await them, so much the more easily are they brought to perdition. If, however, you desire any proof of what I say, you may quickly see and judge for yourself: for turn your eyes yonder;"—and as he spoke, he pointed with his hand—"Do you perceive that young man, who is crossing the plain with such a cheerful demeanor, and is speeding towards the *wicket gate*?"

"Very plainly," quoth I; "there are many whose steps tend the same way, but the youth in white garments far outgoes the rest; and as I see, he hath already safely passed the slough of *Despond*, and hath almost reached the gate."

"Keep him in your view, then," rejoined my companion, "and observe what shall befall him on his pilgrimage. He is of the family of Christian; so that, for the sake of his fathers, you will take the greater interest in his adventures: and when next we meet, you shall tell me whether the way has proved less perilous to him, than it did of old time to those who trod it before him."

When he had thus spoken, Mr. Sagacity took his leave of me; and I, pleased with the opportunity of beholding the progress of a youth, with whose countenance and deportment I was so greatly taken, continued to watch him, and that with more attention than at first.

Then I perceived that he had in his hand a book, like unto that which Evangelist had given to the pilgrim Christian; and as he walked, he sometimes read therein, and sometimes he fixed his eyes on the shining

light which was over the gate, towards which he bent his course. Also it was not long before he reached the gate; and being at it, he put forth his hand and knocked. Now I saw not that any arrows were shot at him from the castle of Beelzebub, neither did the terrible dog come forth to assault him; but the porter, who was named Good-will, quickly opened the gate unto him, and demanded of him who he was, and whence he came.

“My name,” answered the young man, “is Good-intent; I am of the lineage of Christian, being indeed the great-grandson of his first-born Matthew, who took Mercy to wife: I came from the town of *Sincerity*, and I am on my way towards the *Celestial City*.”

“Then,” said Good-will, “thou comest of a good parentage, and thy countenance agreeth thereto: for I have seen many of thy race, who have travelled this way before thee; and truly thou dost much resemble them. Enter freely, young man, and proceed on thy journey; but walk warily, lest thy further progress prove not answerable to thy good beginning.”

“I have little fear,” said the young pilgrim, “that I shall miss my road.”

“Be not too confident,” said Good-will; “thou mayest find it more difficult to continue in the right way than thou art yet aware of.”

Good-intent. “But I have a map of the road, the same which was used by Mr. Great-heart in his journey; and I have also been farther instructed by my father Precept and my mother Example, who are themselves both gone to the *Celestial City*, and would gladly have taken me thither with them, but that the messenger who was sent to call them, forbade them to stay for me.”

Good-will. “That map is not without its use; yet is it of less value now than formerly it was, by reason of the changes which of late have taken place.”

Good-intent. “Will you not tell me, Sir, what changes have occurred, that I may learn to avoid such dangers as I now am unprepared for?”

Good-will. “I would gladly, young man, render thee

thee the service for which thou dost petition ; but it is not permitted me to tell pilgrims beforehand what temptations are prepared for them ; for where there is no contest, there can be no victory ; and without victory, there can be no reward."

Then the young man stood musing for a while : but at last again breaking silence, " You have greatly terrified me, Sir," said he ; " I thought I had sufficiently prepared myself against all the dangers I could encounter : but if there be others in my way, which are still unknown to me, I may be ensnared when I am the least aware, and may fall, never to rise again. Is there no counsellor to whom I may resort, in cases of extreme perplexity ?"

" Then," said Good-will, " thou needest not seek for a counsellor, when, as I see, thou hast the best of counsellors in thine hand. . . Let that book be thy constant study and meditation. Remember what certain assurances thou hast that it came to thee from Him who cannot lie : remember that it contains every thing which is necessary for thee to know for thy soul's peace. Whenever thou findest thyself in any strait, read in that book, and it shall be taught thee what it becometh thee to do : for, though the things which are come upon the earth seem strange unto men, yet were they from the beginning foreseen and provided against by Him, whose eye beholdeth at one glance all time and all space. Since His will is not that any should perish, His mercy will at all times uphold in His paths the goings of those, who sincerely seek to know and to perform His pleasure ; nor shall any temptation befall such, but that with the temptation He will also make a way to escape, that they may be able to bear it. Whatever may happen to thee therefore, preserve that book, though it be at the hazard of thy life ; for if once thou suffer it to be taken from thee, thou art at the mercy of thy enemies ; thou wilt lose, not the force only, but even the inclination, to repel their attacks ; and thou wilt have forfeited all claim to the protection of Him, whose laws thou hast despised, and whose covenant thou hast cast behind thy back." Then

Then I saw in my dream that the young man was much comforted by the discourses of Good-will; and, having thanked him for his advice, and promised always to bear it in his mind, he proceeded on his way; and as he went, he read in his book; and after a while, having closed it, and put it in his bosom, he began to meditate on its contents. His attention, however, was soon diverted; for, as he still walked with a very quick pace, he presently overtook a company of pilgrims, who were travelling more leisurely the same way with himself; and as it chanced, he knew most of them by sight; for they had formerly been his neighbours, and indeed were of the best quality in all that country. There were Mr. Inconsiderate, Mr. Party-spirit, and Mr. Love-change; also Mr. Curiosity, Mr. Credulity, Mr. Hot-head, Mr. Hate-controul, and Mr. Discontent. Now Mr. Curiosity and Mr. Credulity, in particular, had long been known to Good-intent, whose townsmen they were; and he was more glad of the meeting, because it was commonly reported that Mr. Credulity was akin to Faithful, who had so bravely suffered at *Vanity Fair*; "And" quoth he to himself, "if our fathers found it so pleasant and so profitable to go on their pilgrimage together, why may not Mr. Credulity and I be in no less a degree comforts to each other?" So they went on their way together; and Good-intent slackened his pace, because his new companions were unwilling to walk so fast as he did.

So I saw in my dream that they fell into much talk one with the other concerning the country from which they came; and after that, they proceeded to speak of the way wherein they were then walking.

Then said Mr. Discontent, "I like not this way; I find it rough and very grievous unto me."

"That which offends me in it," said Mr. Hate-controul, "is, that the walls on either side are so high as quite to shut out from us all prospect of the country. I like to walk in an open plain, where I may turn at pleasure to the right hand, or to the left; and not to be confined within a narrow path like this."

"Before

"Before we have proceeded much further," said Mr. Love-change, "we may chance to find some other road, by which we may pursue our journey more pleasantly."

"But it is dangerous," said Good-intent, "to turn aside into any strange path; seeing that the Lord of that *Celestial Country*, whither we are bound, has expressly appointed unto us this, in the which we are now walking, as the only one by which we may reach his kingdom in safety."

"It might indeed be dangerous," said Mr. Curiosity, "to proceed far in any other road; but there could surely be no harm in venturing a little way in one which might appear to us more pleasant than this; since if we saw that after a while it took any wrong direction, we might so easily turn back, and regain the path we had forsaken."

"You are in the right," said Mr. Inconsiderate.

"For my part," said Mr. Party-spirit, "it is indifferent to me in what kind of road I travel, so long as I can have the company of my friends."

"It is also indifferent to me," said Good-intent, "whether my path be rough or smooth; for my thoughts are so entirely fixed on that glorious place, which I hope will be the end of my journey, that the little unevennesses of the way can in no degree diminish the pleasure which I take in meditating on such a subject; and as for the high walls, which offend Mr. Hate-controul, I had not, till he spoke, so much as taken notice of them; nor can I consider them as any hardship, while they do but confine me within that road, in the which it is my most earnest desire to continue."

"But," said Mr. Inconsiderate, "we cannot always be thinking of the end of our journey; and, provided we know that in the course of our pilgrimage we shall be sure to get there at last, I see no harm in seeking amusements by the way."

"I have not hitherto found myself in any want of amusements," said Good-intent; "for though my road

road is narrow, to me it appears not dull; and besides the pleasant reflections, which occupy my mind, I have a book which was given me by the good Evangelist, and in which, when my spirits are wearied, it constantly refreshes them to read."

"We have all such books," said Mr. Love-change; "but I truly have read mine till I am tired of it, and would gladly read something new."

"I find in that book," said Mr. Hate-controul, "many things grievous to be borne. Wherefore should we be laden with restrictions, from which other men are free?"

"And from what are we restricted," answered Good-intent with some displeasure, "but from such things as would in this world be dangerous to us, and in the next destructive? For my part, I find in my book no laws, to which, though they came not to us from such high authority, a wise man would not willingly subject himself; but were our yoke as hard as it is easy, who would not rejoice to bear it, that considered either the illimitable power of the King we serve, the infinite gratitude we owe Him for all the favours which He has already so liberally conferred upon us, or the value of the rewards with which He has promised hereafter to crown even our imperfect obedience?"

"It is a great pleasure to me," said Mr. Credulity, "to hear you speak in this manner. I can assure you I have always been disposed to believe that book to be true; I was taught to believe so when I was a little boy, and I think I never should be comfortable out of that belief; though I confess that some things I have heard since I came into this company have somewhat staggered me. But I am glad that you are come, to confirm me in my former opinions."

"Can they require any further confirmation," said Good-intent, "than the excellence of the book itself?"

"As for that," replied Mr. Credulity, "I pretend not to judge of it. I always disliked reading, and provided I implicitly believe all the book contains, why need I give myself the trouble to search what its contents may be?"

"Truly,"

"Truly," said Good-intent, "you profess a faith which surpasses my comprehension. We are commanded to be able to give to every man a reason of the hope that is in us, but we cannot give a reason even to ourselves, if we have never examined what is the object of our hope, nor what the foundation on which it rests."

"I perceive that you are of the same mind as I am," said Mr. Curiosity. "I am not disposed to take any thing on trust; and as knowledge is my principal pursuit, I find great pleasure in reading a book, which treats of so many rare and wonderful things. Those parts of it, therefore, which are the most hard to be understood, are my favourite study."

"Take heed," said Good-intent, "that you wrest them not to your own destruction. There are subjects which our finite understandings cannot reach; and, if we seek too presumptuously to penetrate into mysteries which as yet are but in part revealed to us, those things, which should have been for our peace, may prove unto us an occasion of falling."

"I have no fears on that head," said Mr. Curiosity; "I shall therefore pursue my inquiries without scruple; and if the Interpreter, to whose house we must by this time be drawing near, cannot satisfy me on certain points, respecting which I mean to question him, I shall either quit this road, and seek elsewhere for a better teacher, or I shall at once conclude every doctrine false, in proportion as I find it unintelligible."

Good-intent would have returned some answer to this discourse, which in truth had much offended him; but that, on ascending a little hill, they had suddenly a prospect of the road before them, to a considerable distance.

"Look yonder!" said Mr. Inconsiderate; "See before us Mr. Interpreter's house."

"How shall we know," said Good-intent, "which of those two mansions it is that belongs to the Interpreter?" For indeed they descried from that place two houses, whereof that to which they were then nearest lay a little way off the road on the left hand; but the
other

other was farther on upon the right hand, and stood close by the way side.

This last was an old and venerable building ; but its walls, by reason of their strength and thickness, had as yet suffered none of the decays of time. Behind it lay a garden, in the which were planted all such herbs as are useful either for food or medicine ; and as many, even the most profitable amongst them, bore goodly flowers withal, so the whole plot of ground, being well laid out and fitly kept, had a fair appearance. But the house on the left side of the road was a new edifice, and seemed the palace of some mighty prince ; so costly were its materials, and so rare its structure. It stood in the midst of an extensive pleasure ground, curiously disposed into lawns, labyrinths, and wildernesses, through the midst whereof did glide a stream, which, though narrow, was so deep, that I could not perceive that it had any bottom ; moreover its course was so crooked, that methought it resembled a serpent in its manifold turnings and windings. In this pleasure ground I could not but observe that there were many more flowers, and those shining with more gorgeous colours, than in the garden which belonged to the other house ; but I perceived not that any fruits grew there, save some which resembled the fruits of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which grew in the midst of the garden of *Eden*.

Now, as I said before, I saw that the pilgrims were at a loss to determine which of these two was the house at which they ought to seek for entertainment ; and as they walked on, they disputed on the subject among themselves. Yet they were all most taken with the appearance of that on the left hand, and inclined to petition there for a lodging, if peradventure it might be afforded them. Only Good-intent objected, because the building seemed so modern ; “ And we know,” said he, “ that the Interpreter is no new resident in these parts.”

“ But we know not,” said Mr. Inconsiderate, “ whether he may not have built himself a new house.”

“ What

“What imports it to us in what house he dwells?” said Mr. Love-change; “we are not obliged to chuse him for our host, if we can be better entertained elsewhere.”

“I am determined,” said Mr. Hothead, to take up my lodging at the house on the left hand.”

“So will I,” said Mr. Party-spirit, “if my friends agree to prefer it.”

“At least,” said Mr. Curiosity, “we may step aside into the pleasure ground, and take a nearer view of it.” And with him agreed the others of his party.

But still Good-intent, who was little satisfied with their conversation, doubted in his own mind whether it would be safe to turn at all out of the high road, close by the side of which he observed the right hand house to be placed; but while he debated the matter with himself, he unluckily forgot the words of the porter at the wicket gate, and thought not of plucking his book out of his bosom, to seek therein for counsel.

So as they went, they came to a bridge, built over that stream; which ran through the pleasure grounds on the left side, and which here crossed the great road; and just beyond the bridge there was a gate, through which was the way up to the house. Now the pilgrims were faint and weary with their journey, and as they viewed the stream, the waters thereof did seem to offer them a pleasant refreshment; so Mr. Inconsiderate and Mr. Hothead did forthwith stoop down and drink, and the others were not slow to follow their example; only Good-intent doubted whether it might not be more expedient to forbear till he should come to the house; where, by the command of the Lord of the way, all things that were proper for the entertainment of pilgrims were plentifully provided for them. But Mr. Curiosity had a cup of costly workmanship, which possessed the property of exciting thirst in all who held it near their lips; and, having filled it with the water, he presented it to Good-intent, who had no sooner taken it in his hand, than its hidden power overcame him, and he was unable to forbear drinking at one

draught all that it contained; nay, he afterwards filled it twice or thrice himself, and drank again.

Now I saw in my dream, that it still wanted some hours of night, and the sun, though a few passing clouds did sometimes veil his brightness, did yet give sufficient light to enlighten all who dwell upon the earth: but, as the pilgrims drank of the water of that stream, a black mist began to arise from beneath the ground, and to spread itself around them, and presently the face of the heavens was concealed from their view, and they were left in total darkness; neither durst any man venture to move from the place wherein he stood, either backwards or forwards, for he knew not where he should set his foot. Then cried they all one to another, "What shall we do?" But no man was able to be a guide unto the rest. At last they descried advancing towards them, from the house on the left hand, one who bore a torch in his hand; so they were glad when they saw him, and as he drew near, they made obeisance to him, and besought him that he would deliver them out of the darkness which surrounded them.

Then the man, whose name was False-reasoning, told them, that for that purpose was he come; "For," said he, "my master has beheld your distress from the windows of his palace; and as it is his especial office to succour pilgrims who have lost their way in the mists of *Ignorance*, which hereabouts are very common, he has sent me forth to give you light, and to guide you in safety to his gates."

"Then," said Mr. Credulity, "We are much beholden to thy master; and though before we received this mark of kindness, we differed from each other in opinion, we may all now confidently assure ourselves, that he is of a truth that good Interpreter, to whose house we were directed."

"But is he indeed the same," said Good-intent, "who heretofore proved so excellent a friend to Christian?"

"He beareth the same title," said False-reasoning,

"but

"but with much better claim to it; for that old gentleman, of whom you speak, even in his best days, could do nothing more for pilgrims than repeat to them a few trite sayings, and give them a lodging at his house; whereas my master will shew you such wonders, as have never been seen before since the foundation of the world; he will impart unto you such wisdom, as it is reported your first parents thought it worth their while to forfeit *Paradise* to obtain; and he will bestow upon you such privileges, as no one but himself did ever possess the power to confer."

"It is well for us that we have met with such a friend," said Mr. Inconsiderate.

"Let us instantly accept his invitation," said Mr. Hothead.

"Any thing rather than continue in this darkness," said Mr. Discontent.

"This new Interpreter will prove more serviceable to us than the old," said Mr. Love-change.

"There can be no doubt of that," said Mr. Credulity.

"I burn with impatience," said Mr. Curiosity, "to see and to hear those rare things which we are promised at this house."

"And I," said Mr. Hate-controul, "to enjoy those new privileges of which this man speaks."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Party-spirit, "whithersoever you go, I will go; for I never desert my friends."

"I pray you," said Good-intent unto him who bore the torch, "is the old Interpreter yet alive?"

False-reasoning—"It can scarcely be said that he is; for his extreme old age hath quite benumbed his faculties, and reduced him to a state of absolute dotage. He could not indeed have been kept out of his grave so long, but by the strong cordials which have been administered to him by a certain mountebank, named Priestcraft, who finds his own advantage in usurping the old gentleman's authority over the baser sort of pilgrims who travel this road."

Good-intent—"But which is the house whereat Christian was so hospitably entertained?"

False-

False-reasoning—"He lodged at that old ruinous mansion, which stands a little beyond my master's, and on the opposite side of the road."

Good-intent—"And could not we also obtain a lodging there?"

False-reasoning—"You might probably be admitted to sleep there, nay, and have a portion administered unto you to make your sleep the sounder; but you would find none of that delicious fare which my master collects from every quarter of the globe for the nourishment of such travellers as come unto him; of the excellence whereof you may speedily judge for yourselves, since the hour of his banquet draws near."

On hearing this, most of the pilgrims quickened their pace; but Good-intent still hesitated; for having been accustomed all his life to hear the praises of the ancient Interpreter, he could not lightly persuade himself that any house could be fitter than his was for the accommodation of pilgrims. Yet he feared to be left to wander alone in darkness. He once bethought himself of his book, and plucked it out of his bosom and opened it; but as he was walking, though slowly, after the rest, the motion of his going did render his hand unsteady to hold it: moreover the glare of the torch of False-reasoning did much dazzle his eyes. So he satisfied himself that it was impossible to read at that juncture, and therefore did not persevere in the attempt; but reclosing the volume, he put it back into his bosom, and said to himself, "If I like not my entertainment to-night, I can but resume my journey in the morning, and repair to the house at which my fathers were lodged. The mist may be then dispersed, and I may be able to discern my way; but at present I should perish in the darkness, if I imprudently refused to avail myself of the light which this man's torch imparts unto me." So he walked on more confidently; and as they approached the palace, behold it was all illuminated, and the lamps which were within, cast forth such a splendor, that the pilgrims imagined the light of day restored unto them.

Then

Then Mr. Curiosity inquired of their guide, what were his master's name and parentage.

False-reasoning—"His name is Philosophy: he is the son of Reason and of Nature. The place of his birth is not certainly known; but it is generally believed that his infancy was spent in *Egypt*, where he was nursed by Fable; and that he afterwards passed his youth in *Greece*, where the Sciences trained him to maturity. After that, various misfortunes befel him, and he lived many years in an obscure and tedious exile: but lately, having been invited by Learning to return into *Europe*, he has been universally received with such honors as have amply repaid him for the unmerited flights which had formerly been shewn him. There is one country in particular of which he has been appointed sovereign law-giver; and where divine honors are paid to him. Yet such is his zeal for the general interest of mankind, that he does not restrict his services to any single nation, but has built this palace by the side of the high road, for the reception of pilgrims from all regions of the earth; and, as his knowledge is universal, he readily imparts to all his guests such instructions as they may be either willing or able to receive."

By this time, they drew very near unto the palace; and they could hear within its walls a confused noise, like the sound of many voices: also they could discern through the windows large companies of people in every department. Then Mr. Curiosity asked, who all those persons were?

False-reasoning—"All whom you see within are my master's pupils, men who, coming to lodge at his house as you do now, have been so much taken with the wonders they have seen there, that they have desired to remain with him for a season, in order to have sufficient leisure to receive his instructions, and to contemplate his works; and how well some of them have profited by his lessons, you will have an opportunity of judging to-morrow by your own observations when you shall be permitted to visit the academy."

They now entered a spacious and magnificent hall,
where

where many attendants were in waiting to receive them; and passing thence through several other rooms superbly decorated, they were at last ushered into the banquet chamber, where they found the master of the house surrounded by a very numerous company of his guests, who all came forward to salute them. From the account which had been given them by the way, of the past life of Mr. Philosophy, the pilgrims had expected to find him a very aged man; they were therefore somewhat surprised at his youthful appearance, which they could not but remark, although, in order to disguise it, he wore a *Grecian* mantle and a *Roman* vest. He welcomed them with extraordinary courtesy, and made them a long harangue, which afforded them occasion to admire his fluency of speech, and wonderful erudition; nevertheless, even those among them who paid the greatest attention to what he said, could not take upon themselves to affirm that they clearly comprehended a single sentence of it; but they modestly imputed this circumstance to their own incapacity, rather than to any intentional obscurity on his part; and the feast being now brought in, they seated themselves at the table, in the order appointed by their host.

It was the fortune of Good-intent to be placed between two of the gentlemen whom they had found with Mr. Philosophy on their arrival, whose names were Mr. Free-thought and Mr. Plausible; and their conversation pleased him so well, that he began to find himself in better spirits, than he had ever been since he had first consented to turn aside out of the great road. But, while he was talking with them, he chanced to cast his eyes on a company of men who sat apart from the rest: he could not see their faces; for they were all muffled up in thick cloaks, and wore caps of a grotesque shape, pulled down over their eyes; but there was something in their appearance which inspired him with an involuntary terror; and he could not refrain from inquiring of his two companions who those men were.

"They are not worth your attention," said Mr. Plausible;

Plausible; "they are some of the vassals of the lord of this palace, and never act but by his order."

"But wherefore are they armed?" said Good-intent for he perceived that they all wore daggers in their girdles.

"It is no more than necessary," replied Mr. Plausible; "for you must know that Mr. Philosophy, though a friend and well-wisher to all mankind, is yet so unfortunate as to have many enemies, of whom the principal are two fierce giants, named Superstition and Despotism. By these, and by their subjects and allies, he is frequently assaulted; and being himself of a disposition averse from warfare, he is obliged, for the sake of his own security, to keep in his service certain armed men, who may be ready, in case of any sudden assault, to defend him and his property from violence."

"From what my friend has been saying," interposed Free-thought, "you may perceive, Mr. Good-intent, how rightly you have addressed yourself in coming to this house; for you cannot be ignorant of the many injuries which your own kinsfolk have sustained from those who are now the enemies of Mr. Philosophy. You will not, therefore, assuredly refuse to unite with us, as in one common cause, and assist us to exterminate both Despotism and Superstition, with all the ministers of their violence, from the earth."

Good-intent, indeed, recollected, that before he had set out from his own country, he had heard many instances of the cruelty and injustice of those two giants; but as he had understood that for many years past they had been restrained from making any inroads into the regions through which the way of the pilgrims lay, he was uncertain how far it might be expedient for him to quit that way, in order to make war on them in any distant country. However, as it was then late, he would not enter into a full discussion of the subject, but told Mr. Free-thought that he would talk further with him in the morning; and presently afterwards the whole company retired to rest.

Good-intent, being tired with his journey, soon fell asleep;

asleep; and though I never heard him relate his dreams, I could perceive that they were very delightful unto him; for sometimes he smiled in his sleep, and sometimes I heard him exclaim, "The golden age restored! The reign of *Reason*! Universal peace, and freedom uncontrolled!" Now when it was morning, he awoke, rose from his bed, and attired himself; and taking his book from the table on which he had laid it the night before, he was going, according to his usual custom, to read a certain portion of it before he quitted his chamber; but one named Impatience, came to call him to attend Mr. Philosophy, who was ready to shew the pilgrims his significant rooms; so he put the book unopened into his bosom, and went hastily down to the house.

Now when all those who had arrived at the palace the night before, were met together, Mr. Philosophy came forth unto them; and first he had them into his academy, where all his pupils were busied in their several studies and occupations; but their labours appeared so unlike those of other men, that the pilgrims were filled with wonder, and could not help asking some questions of their conductor, who readily undertook to answer their inquiries.

"From the extraordinary works which are performed by my pupils," said he, "you may best learn in what estimation to hold the instructions which they have received from me. Do you see him who is arranging, in such exact order, his heaps of stones and cockle shells? I have taught him to decypher characters unintelligible to vulgar eyes; so that he is able to read on every fossil the true date of the time at which it was first deposited in the bed of earth from which he dug it; by which means he can now set at defiance all other chronologists and historians, ancient and modern, and add in one moment myriads of uncouth ages to the antiquity of the world which we inhabit. Not far from him, you may perceive, on a table, a globe of glass. It is a small fragment of the sun, lately struck off by the tail of a comet. As soon as I saw that, by
its

its rotatory motion, it had obtained a spherical figure, I seized it, and gave it to him, whom you may see so intently watching it. In about forty thousand years, by which time it will be properly cooled, he will have the satisfaction of seeing it covered with herbage and with trees; soon afterwards all kinds of animals will spontaneously spring from it; and lastly, it will bring forth men, who of course will reason and converse as we do. He who sits next, is employed in changing flowers into butterflies; which he effects by infusing into their component parts a desire of loco motion. You may see a projector of a lower order, who is filling bladders with air for the purpose of flying; and another, who is busied in the construction of a boat, in which he proposes to sail at the bottom of the sea. But a little farther on sits my favourite scholar, who is occupied in preparing the elixir of *Human Perfectibility*; of which, if a man taste, he shall forthwith become incapable of feeling the decays of age and sickness; and ceasing to eat, drink, or sleep, he shall spend his time chiefly in leaping or dancing; till, by the virtue of this medicine, death shall be totally banished from the world, and the human race continuing daily to increase, and sustaining no diminution, shall cover the whole surface of the earth, and the want of local room shall, to each happy individual, preclude the power of motion."

Now I saw in my dream, that astonishment and admiration at these wonderful things, deprived the whole company of pilgrims of all possibility of utterance, and induced them to regard Mr. Philosophy with ten fold veneration: "For," thought they, "if these be the works of the scholars, what may not the power of the master achieve?"

So he went on with this discourse to them, and he said, "There are many others among my pupils, whose employments are no less worthy of your attention than what you already have beheld; and if you are willing, you may all become partakers in the benefits which they derive from my instructions. But first I

must shew you other sights, which will be profitable unto you, and from which you may learn to form a true estimate of the value of all the things which are to be met within this world."

Then he led them away to a room, in which there was a window that looked out upon a wide common; and there appeared on the common a large company of naked men.

"Who are those men?" said Mr. Curiosity.

"They are brethren," answered Mr. Philosophy; "watch, and see what shall be done unto them."

So they looked, and behold one came unto them; and to some of them he gave purple garments and crowns of gold, and to others, changes of raiment and fine linen; but the greater part he clothed in rags, and putting spades and pick axes into their hands, he compelled them to dig precious ore and jewels out of the earth, and to give them unto those who stood by, idle, while for themselves they found but a few roots whereon to feed, as a recompense for their sore labour.

Then said all the pilgrims, "What meaneth this?" And Mr. Philosophy answered them, "You saw that at first the men were all alike, none of them was greater, and none less than his fellows; till he, whom you saw come unto them, whose name was Social-order, did first make a difference between them. And you have beheld how unjustly he has dealt with them; how he has exalted a few, and given unto them power to trample on the many. Such are the abuses which through him have been introduced into the world. But follow me to another place, and you shall see greater evils than these."

Then Mr. Discontent groaned; but they all followed their conductor, who brought them where there was a view of a black and gloomy tower. The narrow crevices, which served instead of windows, were grated over; but he bade them look between the bars, and they descried within, certain prisoners, who lay fettered in a damp and noisome dungeon.

Then said the pilgrims, "What means this?"

"You

"You may have already heard," said Mr. Philosophy, "that I have two mortal foes, who are also the foes of the whole human race, and against whom all who desire to become my disciples must swear eternal enmity. The tower which you behold is the strong hold of one of them, even of the giant Despotism; and the captives whom you see within are victims of his cruelty."

Then said Mr. Hothead, "Let us instantly storm the gates, and set them free!"

"Your zeal is commendable," said Mr. Philosophy; "but wait a moment, and behold the event."

So they looked, and presently they saw a woman gorgeously attired, with a red cap on her head, who suddenly rose out of the ground, bearing a lamp-post in her hand; and when she had stricken therewith the walls of the tower, they sunk with a mighty crash, and became a heap of ruins. Then the pilgrims rejoiced in the hope that those who had been imprisoned within, would now recover their freedom; but Mr. Philosophy was not willing that they should stay to see what became of the captives, but led them hastily away to another apartment; as they went, however, Mr. Curiosity inquired the name of her who had thrown down the tower, and was told that she was called Liberty.

So they came next to a place where they saw a throne raised high, and there sat on it a woman who was clothed in white raiment, but it was deeply stained with blood: also on her breast she wore a bloody cross. And when she waved her hand, a great multitude of men appeared before her. Then she blew forth from her lips a flame, which in a moment fastened on their garments; and behold the men fell together in a heap, and were all quickly consumed to ashes.

Then were the pilgrims much dismayed, and they asked trembling, "What meaneth this?"

Then said Mr. Philosophy: "I shewed you at the last place, the cruelty of Despotism, one of the enemies by whom I and my friends are continually persecuted; you now behold the triumphs of the still more terrible

terrible giant Superstition. These are the sacrifices in which he delighteth, and in executing which the ministers of his will are continually employed."

"But who is she," said Mr. Curiosity, "who sits on the throne, and by whom this deed of horror has been performed?"

"She is the eldest daughter of Superstition," said Mr. Philosophy, "and her name is Christianity."

Good-intent started. He had hitherto followed, lost in wonder, and without consideration had partaken in the emotions of the rest; but now, though he was still incapable of arranging the reflections which crowded tumultuously on his mind, yet he could no longer conceal from himself, that he was in the house of one who was an enemy to his king; and the consciousness of this filled him with an uneasiness, in which he was astonished to see that none of his companions appeared to partake. They all followed Mr. Philosophy as complacently as at first; but Good-intent longed to disengage himself from the company, though for the present he saw no good opportunity of effecting his escape, because their conductor had closed behind them every door through which they had passed; wherefore, satisfying himself that no obstacle to his departure could exist on their return, he yielded to the persuasions of Mr. Curiosity, and with the rest proceeded still further.

Then Mr. Philosophy brought them to a place, where they saw an assemblage of men of all conditions. Some were employed in various works of labour; but as they worked, they sang with merry hearts; and, when their tasks were ended, they arose, and danced upon the green: some were counting the profits they had gained by merchandise; and some, in gayer clothing, were engaged in various sports, and seemed to know no business but their pleasure. Yet were the pilgrims greatly astonished at the air of cheerfulness, which was visible on every countenance; for the men were all linked together by two ponderous iron chains, the ends of which were grasped by two misshapen giants, who sat on a rock, and viewed their captives with malignant exultation.

"Who

“Who are those hideous monsters,” said Mr. Curiosity, “who hold enthralled so many of our fellow creatures?”

“You now behold my enemies in person,” said Mr. Philosophy; “he who wields the sceptre in his hand, is Despotism; yet, though the ensigns of royalty are his, even he is subject to the control of Superstition, his still more imperious brother, who bears the flaming torch.”

“But those fools are worthy to wear their chains,” said Mr. Hate-controul; “who pursue their sports and occupations with such gay levity, making no effort to free themselves.”

“Condemn them not too hastily,” said Mr. Philosophy, “lest your censure should extend further than you as yet suppose; and know, that those men, of whom you thus contemptuously speak, are themselves insensible of their own servile condition. For such is the magic power of those fell giants, that they can render invisible the chains which they impose, and so lull to sleep the faculties of those who wear them, that they feel not the yoke, even while it galls their necks. But look again, and a new scene of things will disclose itself.”

Then they looked, and beheld a person singularly attired; for his garments were made all of paper, and on every fold were printed in legible characters the words *Rights of Man*. He advanced towards the crowd, bearing in his hand a large mirror, which he held in such a manner as that every man in his turn saw therein his own image; and such was the virtue of that glass, that as he looked in it, his eyes were opened, and he perceived his chains. In a moment the voice of mirth ceased among them; and nothing now was to be heard but groans and lamentations, intermixed with expressions of fury and reveng against the tyrants who had thus enslaved them. The pilgrims pitied them, and waited with some anxiety to see what would be the effects of the new spirit which had been thus excited among them; when on a sudden, he who bare the glass stepped

stepped forward, and presented it to the guests of Mr. Philosophy.

Mr. Discontent was the first who caught in it the reflection of his own figure; and what was his horror, when he beheld around his own neck two chains, resembling those with which the other captives of Superstition and Despotism were loaded? He started back aghast, and Mr. Hate-controul caught a similar view; he gnashed his teeth with despite; and Mr. Hothead, who came next, was altogether mad with fury. Surprised at their ravings, Mr. Curiosity pressed forward to look; and when he perceived at once his own condition, and that of his companions, he seized the arm of Good-intent, and drew him towards the mirror. After them came the rest; and all, in like manner, discovered with astonishment their state of bondage. All too now felt themselves even bowed down by the weight of the chains, of which, but a few moments before, they had been unconscious; and while some raged, and others wept, at the thoughts of the captivity in which they were holden, all were exerting their utmost efforts to break their bonds, or at least to loosen them from their necks; but all in vain; the more they struggled to free themselves, the tighter did the tyrants seem to draw the chains.

At last they addressed themselves to Mr. Philosophy, and besought him to deliver them.

"You ask of me more than I am able to do for you," answered he: "I have already rendered you the greatest service in my power, by bringing you to a sense of your thralldom; for, though till now you have been ignorant of it, you have worn these chains even from your birth; and they are rivetted so firmly on your necks, that, if you yourselves shake them not off, no external force will be able to release you from them."

"Alas!" said Mr. Discontent, "our strength is not sufficient to break them."

"Yet I would die," said Mr. Hate-controul, "rather than submit to wear them any longer."

"Let us perish gloriously," said Mr. Hothead, "in rushing

rushing forward to attack the tyrants on their lofty seat !”

“The time for adventurous daring may come hereafter,” said Mr. Philosophy : “till your own necks shall be freed from the yoke of the tyrants, all attempts to overthrow their power will be fruitless. There is but one way by which your chains can be loosed ; and to shew you that way, is the only remaining service I can render you. If you know how to value freedom as you ought, you will not think it dearly purchased by the use of the means I shall point out to you.”

Mr. Credulity did not hesitate to express his implicit confidence in the directions of his conductor ; and all joined in requesting him to confer on them without delay this promised favour, excepting Good-intent ; who, indeed, continued to follow him with the rest, for he knew not what other course to take ; but, while his companions pressed forward with eager impatience, he walked the last, melancholy and silent.

After they had descended several flights of steps, Mr. Philosophy then led them through many crooked subterranean passages, now bending to the right hand, and now to the left ; sometimes proceeding for a short time strait forwards, and then suddenly turning in an opposite direction, and leading them backwards almost to the point from which they had set out. I saw, moreover, that in these passages there was no other light than that which was afforded by numerous lamps, of various colours, so disposed as to cast alternately different shades on all objects within sight of the pilgrims : insomuch that nothing whereon they looked appeared to their eyes to wear its own proper and natural hue. At last, they reached a brazen door ; which being opened unto them by Mr. Philosophy, they entered a temple of black marble. From it, as well as from the passages which had led to it, every beam of the light of heaven was excluded : nor did the pilgrims find here even such lamps as had hitherto enlightened their steps ; only in the midst of the temple, on an altar, burned a pale and quivering flame. Even the boldest
of

of the band, on his entrance; felt his blood congealed with a sudden horror. Each turned to look on his companions; but, for some moments, their eyes, unaccustomed to the gloom, were unable to distinguish objects; and in all, the nobler powers of life seemed for a while suspended.

By degrees they became more able to penetrate the obscurity; and they descried, though dimly, two portentous forms; they supposed them the powers to whose honor that temple had been built. One sat on a pile of arms; his garments dropped with gore; and a flight of vultures, hovering about his head, with hoarse screams demanded of him their accustomed food. The other phantom was half veiled in a misty cloud; for had his whole form been discovered, no mortal eye could have endured the terrors of his aspect. A dragon's crest appeared to crown his head; his arm rested on a broken anchor, and the thunderbolt of Heaven was trampled beneath his feet.

"Here seek, and here obtain deliverance!" said Mr. Philosophy: "Behold I have brought you into the presence of those, who alone are able to give you perfect liberty: Prostrate yourselves before them; and then, with security of acceptance, offer the sacrifice which the *Powers of Freedom* demand."

At these words, the pilgrims bowed themselves to the ground: Good-intent alone, aghast and motionless, stood still in his place, and obeyed not the voice of his conductor; but as he was behind the rest, it chanced that his omission was not observed. When the others had performed their homage, the flame on the altar rose higher, and burned more brightly than before, as if to require their worship with a favourable omen. They now felt themselves emboldened to look with more confidence on the phantoms which their guide had entitled the *Powers of Freedom*; and, by the increased light they could discern, that over the head of him from whom the ravenous birds expected food, was written Anarchy; but over that of his more terrific compeer, they decyphered the name of Atheism.

Good-intent

Good-intent shuddered, and his hair stood erect — Then said Mr. Philosophy, “ Thus far is well ; these awful powers receive you as their votaries. Are you now ready to join in the sacrifice which alone is wanting to render them propitious to your desires ? ”

“ Instantly,” said Mr. Hothead : “ what have we to offer which can be acceptable to them ? ”

“ Have you not each a book,” said Mr. Philosophy, “ which was given unto you by a man who called himself Evangelist ? ”

“ We have,” replied the pilgrims.

“ That man,” resumed their conductor, “ is the most inveterate foe of the Powers who preside in this temple ; and in no less a degree is he your enemy also ; since the chains, which you so disgracefully wear, could not have been forged without his assistance. As a token, then, that you forever renounce him and his doctrines, lay your books on the altar before you, to be consumed in that self-kindled flame, as an offering to Atheism ; and then let each step forward, and receive from Anarchy a sword which hath no sheath, endowed with so rare a virtue, that, in the same moment that you grasp it, your chains will spontaneously fall from your necks.”

Mr. Hothead immediately obeyed, and threw his book into the midst of the flame : Mr. Inconsiderate followed his example ; and Mr. Hate-controul, as he did the like, said, “ If I hoped for no further advantage, I should still think myself a gainer, in being no longer obliged to burden myself with a volume, filled with hard sayings, and statutes impossible to be borne.”

The rest not immediately advancing, Mr. Philosophy proceeded in his discourse.

Philosophy. “ You will soon perceive that, by the destruction of these books, the present system of affairs throughout the whole world will be annihilated.”

Mr. Discontent came forward, and committed his volume to the flames.

Philosophy. “ A new order of things will every where appear.”

Mr. Love-change joined in the sacrifice.

Philosophy. "And those, who now cordially unite with each other in the pursuit of their true interests"—

Mr. Party-spirit presented his book.

Philosophy—"Will share, in that renovated state, the pure delight, which will be imparted to them, not only by the recovery of their own freedom, but by the universal establishment of the rights and liberties of all mankind."

The latter part of this speech had been addressed to Good-intent; but he neither advancing, nor returning an answer, Mr. Curiosity pressed before him, and accosting Mr. Philosophy: "Sir," said he, "the extraordinary veneration, with which the wonders I have seen at your house have inspired me for your wisdom, disposes me to pay an implicit deference to all your counsels; yet before I cast my book upon that flaming pile, I would gladly be satisfied by you on one point. I am aware, that to persons who have the honor to be instructed by you, these volumes are totally unnecessary; but since those of the meaner sort, who want that advantage, still stand in need of some rules for the direction of their conduct, where, if those are destroyed to which they have hitherto had recourse, where are they to find a substitute?"

"Nothing can be more easily found," answered Mr. Philosophy. "Let them read the Koran of Mahomet, or the Zendavesta of Zoroaster; or let them seek a living example of human perfection, undebaſed by ſocial laws, uncontaminated by civilization, unfettered by Chriſtian prejudices, and conſequently unſtained by any crime more black than occaſional rapine, fraud, and murder, in the virtuous hordes of American ſavages."

"And are Mahomet and Zoroaſter, then," ſaid Mr. Credulity, "perſons of as great veracity as Mr. Evangelist!"

"All my diſciples are of that opinion," replied Mr. Philosophy.

"You know theſe things better than I do," ſaid Mr. Credulity:

Credulity : and with that he followed the example of the rest.

Mr. Curiosity hesitated a moment longer ; but presently yielding to his impatience to see the wonderful effects that were to result from the offering, he also cast his book into the flames.

But the sacrifice was not yet completed ; for the spirit of Good-intent was now roused ; he saw with horror the conduct of his companions, and the counsels of Goodwill rushed suddenly on his recollection. Though the things which he had seen and heard, had made a considerable impression on his mind, his former opinions were not so far shaken, but that he felt within himself a determination to part rather with his life than with his book, which he was sensible none but the enemies of his King would have required him to resign ; and remembering that he had been directed to consult it whenever he should find himself under any difficulty, he drew it forth from his bosom. Mr. Philosophy, displeased that among the men who had followed him so far, there should be any one who hesitated to obey his last command, extended his hand to seize it ; but Good-intent, recoiling from his touch, opened the volume, and read therein, " Beware lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit."

" Alas !" cried he, " had I sooner resorted to my book for counsel, I should not have suffered myself to be led hither, to view face to face those forms of perdition ! How great must have been my sin in turning aside from the right road ; since it has brought on me the punishment which I experience even in the sight of that most dire of fiends, before whose aspect I feel every high-raised hope die away in my bosom ! What will become of me ? What shall I do ?"

Then he again opened his book, and found written therein, " Escape for thy life, look not behind thee." Upon that, he made towards the door, and would have gone forth ; but those who had hitherto been his companions, unwilling that by his example their own unrighteous deeds should be reprov'd, sought to detain him,

him, and to compel him to do even as they had done ; but his eagerness to escape, gave him tenfold strength ; and while he was struggling with them, Mr. Philosophy said to his adversaries with a malicious smile, “ Trouble not yourselves to withhold against his will that weak-souled wretch, who is unfit to be with you admitted to my higher mysteries. Suffer him to pass forth, to meet the fate which is prepared for all, who presume, without my guidance, to tread the mazes of my palace.”

Then they stood back, and Good-intent impetuously rushed out of the temple. But little cause had he to rejoice, excepting in that he was delivered from the view of the hideous form of Atheism ; for the lamps, which had enlightened his steps when he had passed that way at first, were all extinguished ; and in the thick obscurity which surrounded him, he soon made a wrong turning, and lost himself. His spirit now sunk within him, as he wandered along dark and slippery ways, where he proceeded few paces without stumbling over a kind of rugged stones, called in that place *Objections*, which were every where scattered about. The air, moreover, was filled with certain venomous winged creatures, shaped like bats, which were called *Doubts*, and did oftentimes sting him sorely.

At last, he descried at a distance a small glimmering light, towards which he joyfully hastened ; and entering a chamber from which it proceeded, he found there a man, in a changeable coloured garment, with a mask on his face. Before him lay a book, like that which Good-intent had so zealously preserved ; but he was employed in cutting out half the leaves of it with a knife, which he held in his hand ; while from those which he suffered to remain, he had erased so many words, that the residue was no longer intelligible. When Good-intent entered, the man raised his head, and asked him who he was, and what he sought there.

Good-intent. “ My name is Good-intent ; I am a pilgrim, and was travelling towards the *Celestial City*, till it was my unhappy lot to be inveigled into this palace,
where

where I have beheld the dreadful face of Atheism. As I fled from him, I lost my way in the dark passages; and, till I descried the beams of your lamp, I was hopeless of ever escaping from this endless labyrinth."

Then said the man, "If thou flyest from Atheism, it is well for thee that thou art come hither. I also am his enemy; and beside myself, thou couldst not have found any one able to assist thy escape, and to guide thee in safety through the intricate mazes of this palace."

Good-intent heard with joy the discourse of the stranger; yet anxious to know him better, before he entrusted himself to his guidance, he inquired his name; to which the man replied, that he was called Rational-christianity; "And I myself," said he, "am also a pilgrim as thou art; only I like not to walk with the herd of vulgar travellers; and therefore, to separate myself from them, I came sometime since to take up my abode under the roof of Mr. Philosophy. But now, if thou art willing to become my companion, and to conform thy way to my directions, I will lead thee into a safe and easy path, by which, sooner than thou mayest expect, thou shalt arrive at the end of thy journey."

When Good-intent heard the stranger's name, it inspired him with great confidence; and not feeling any mistrust of his new companion, he besought him immediately to lead the way. Then the man arose, and taking his lamp in one hand, and in the other the book out of which he had cut so many of the leaves, he conducted Good-intent along passages, as intricate as any of those through which he had passed before; and now they had proceeded so far, that the pilgrim expected every moment to reach the end of his subterranean way, and to emerge from the darkness in which he had wandered so long, when his conductor suddenly turned aside, and brought him into an apartment, which was faintly enlightened by an imperfect beam of clouded day, streaming through a half-closed sky-light.

He here beheld enshrined a new phantom, whose form

form resembled that of the giant-brood, who were fabled to have sprung from the earth; yet, seated on a lofty throne, he looked proudly downwards, as from the highest heavens: his countenance was severe and lowering; and haughty as it was, it betrayed a secret anguish at his inability to break a cross, which he held in his hands, and was exerting his utmost strength to demolish.

"Whither have you brought me," said Good-intent to his conductor; "and what unknown form do I now behold?"

"Happy mortal," said the other, "who under my guidance hast reached the dwelling place of Natural religion; bow thyself at his shrine, and rejoice that thy happy destiny has brought thee to visit his pure abode!"

But while he spoke, Good-intent, eying the phantom more heedfully, discerned his true name written over his head; and it was Deism. Perceiving then that his conductor had a design to deceive him, he delayed not to draw forth his book.

"What dost thou?" said his guide.

"I seek for counsel where it may be found," replied Good-intent.

"Thou meanest well," said the other, "but how wilt thou be deceived, if thou puttest any trust in what thou mayest find written in that volume!"

"Doth it not contain the words of truth?" said the pilgrim.

"It doth indeed contain some truth," answered his conductor; "but so intermixed with falsehood, that thy weak understanding cannot know how to separate the one from the other. Read rather in my book. Mine, as thou seest, was once the same as thy own; but I have long employed myself in expunging such parts of it as were adverse to my own opinions, and in discovering in the pages which I have suffered to remain, such occult meanings, as had, for many ages, escaped all vulgar and unlearned eyes; and I have at last so refined it from its dross, that even he, my great master, whom thou seest before thee, permits his vota-

ries

ries to use it, as a code of laws for the regulation of their moral conduct."

"But if," said Good-intent, "it was designed, as I have always been assured it was, as a book of general instruction for all mankind, can we imagine that the true meaning of any essential parts of it, should be so occult, as that it should have remained for the inquiries of the present age to discover? Methinks I could more willingly relinquish my book entirely, as I was required to do but just now in the temple of Atheism, than think so unworthy of him, who commanded us to believe and to do all things which it should teach us, as to suppose that he suffered any passages to be inserted therein, for the express purpose of misleading such, as with honest and true hearts should seek to know his will."

And with that, pushing back the mutilated volume which was offered him, he opened his own and read, "This is that spirit of Anti-christ, whereof you have heard that it should come; and even now already it is in the world." As he read these words, the throne of Deism sunk, and the phantom himself disappeared; the small part of the sky-light that had been open, suddenly closed; and he who bare the lamp fled away; but as he fled his mask dropped off, and Good-intent knew his face, that it was the face of Heresy.

By the removal of his lamp, however, the pilgrim was not left in darkness as before; for he perceived that from the book which he still held in his hand a radiance proceeded, and shined round about it; an assistance which it had not hitherto afforded him, because he had carried it hidden in his bosom, without attempting to make any use of it. Then he remembered that it was written, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path;" and rejoicing in the hope which was thus revived in his bosom, he hastened out of that apartment, and proceeded on his way. Nor was he any longer in danger of losing himself; for at every turning, a bright ray darted from his book, and pointed out to him the way which he should take.—

Only

Only he was still molested by those venomous flying creatures, which, though they stung him less sorely than before, did yet hover over his head; and fill his ears with the noise of their flutterings; and sometimes, gathering round his book, they shaded it with their wings, and almost hid the light from his eyes. Nevertheless, he went on with confidence; and at last, after climbing up a steep ascent, he found himself in a vestibule, where the rays of the sun in all their splendor suddenly broke upon his eyes; the birds of night, not able to endure the brightness, durst follow him no farther, but flew back screaming to their murky abodes; and Good-intent, seeing before him an open door, rushed through it, and with joy perceived that he had escaped out of the palace of Mr. Philosophy.

The fresh air was very pleasant to him, after his long subterranean wanderings; yet he staid not to amuse himself with any inferior gratifications, but looked eagerly round him to discover where he was, and what way he must go to return to the high road, his departure from which he so sorely repented.

While he was standing to take the view, he was descried by a party of Mr. Philosophy's retainers, who, from a turret, beheld the plain below. It was so rare an occurrence to them to see any who fled from their master's palace, after having once consented to become his scholars, (the most part remaining there gladly to enjoy the pleasures of the place; and the few who were desirous to depart, finding no means of effecting their escape) that Good-intent was unto these men an object of great amazement; and some of them reproached him for quitting a house, where he might meet with so much good company; others called to him to return; and others, observing the book which he still bore in his hand, mocked at him for encumbering himself with a burden which they called so useless, and spake many vain and blasphemous words against Him whose laws it contained. Among these last was one named Ridicule, who as it chanced had a bow in his hand; and observing that Good-intent heeded nothing that

that was said unto him, but was beginning to run across the plain with all speed, he vain-gloriously told his companions that he would give them a proof of his skill in archery, by sending a dart, which should strike the book out of the young man's hand; and with that, he presently fitted an arrow to the string, and drew the bow with all his might. The shaft flew through the air, and grazing the hand of Good-intent, it struck the book; but bounding instantly back from it, fell with a blunted point to the ground. Though the scratch which the pilgrim had received was slight, yet, the dart having been envenomed, it gave him extraordinary pain, and had almost, at the first moment, obliged him to drop the book; but happily recollecting himself, he exerted sufficient resolution to grasp the precious volume more firmly than ever, and went on his way, without so much as turning to look behind him. Nevertheless, Ridicule, being short-sighted, imagined that he had seen his arrow transfix the book; and when he boasted to his companions of his success, even those among them who had seen the event most clearly, were afraid to contradict him, lest being offended, he should turn the rest of his darts against themselves.

Meanwhile Good-intent, having escaped out of the pleasure-grounds of Mr. Philosophy, had at last the satisfaction to find himself once more in the high road, where he ran forward without slackening his pace, till he reached the house of the good old Interpreter. There he knocked with great violence at the gate; and it was presently opened to him by the damsel whose name was Innocent. So she asked him who he was.

"Alas!" said Good-intent, "I am one who can urge little claim to be admitted here, since I have suffered myself to be seduced from the right way by the wiles of Mr. Philosophy, and have beheld the dreadful mysteries of his palace. And though I have been so fortunate as to escape from his labyrinths, yet I know not whether I may still presume to present myself at this portal, which I am well aware is only opened to the faithful subjects of that King, from whose paths I have traitorously strayed."

F

Then

Then said the damsel, "This gate is never closed against penitent and returning sinners. Yet of all who have been enticed by Mr. Philosophy, I do not recollect that any one, before you, has ever quitted him, and come to seek admillion here. But I pray you tell me your name, and from what place you set forth on your pilgrimage, that I may go in, and shew it unto my master; and I will then quickly return, and let you know his answer."

Then Good-intent told her who he was, and whence he came; and when she heard that he was of the lineage of Christian, she smiled, and made the greater haste to carry in his petition; and she presently came back, to let him know that her master would willingly receive him. Then she led him in, and brought him to a parlour where Mr. Interpreter was sitting. He was a venerable old man, with a long white beard, that reached down even to his girdle; but none of the infirmities of age were visible upon him, as he who had conducted the pilgrim to the house of Mr. Philosophy, had falsely reported: on the contrary, there was still a youthful fire in his eyes, and his countenance visibly expressed a mind of undiminished vigour.

He received Good-intent with great benignity, and congratulated him on his escape from a place in which so many had found their ruin. "But tell me, young man," said he, "in what manner didst thou first come to a knowledge of thy danger? For the principal art of him who so deceitfully assumes my name and office, consists in concealing his designs from such as he has undertaken to ensnare, till he has brought them so far in the way which leadeth to perdition, that all means of retreat are cut off from them."

Good-intent then related to the Interpreter all that had befallen him in the palace of Mr. Philosophy; declaring that, though the consciousness that he had quitted the right road had, from the first, occasioned him some uneasiness, he had not been fully sensible that he had put himself under the guidance of one who was an enemy to his Prince, till he had heard him assert that

Christianity

Christianity was the daughter of Superstition; which was so contrary to all that had ever before been told him of her, that he assured himself it must have been a malicious calumny; that afterwards the sight of the dreadful phantoms in the black temple had so greatly dismayed him, that had he been obliged to make any longer stay there, he must certainly have died with terror; and he concluded by expressing his gratitude to his King, to whose merciful preservation of him he wholly attributed his escape.

Then said the Interpreter, "You can never return him sufficient acknowledgments for so great and signal a favour. But while you are thus declaring the due sense you entertain of it, what is the reason that your countenance so ill agrees with your words? For methinks you look more like a man who is labouring under some present grievance, than like one whose mind is properly affected with a recent benefit,"

Good-intent. "Alas, Sir! notwithstanding my satisfaction at having returned to the high road, I cannot deny that my spirits are still much dejected: Though I chose rather to continue to wear the chains with which I am laden, than to resort to Atheism and Anarchy for my release; yet the sight which has been afforded me of my own slavish condition, has rendered my very life a burden to me. Cannot you, Sir, tell me of any means by which I may be delivered? I am likewise in great pain, from the stings of those venomous creatures, which so sorely molested me, as I was wandering in Mr. Philosophy's dark mazes, and from the bruises I received in the falls I there met with; also I feel an intolerable smart from the wound, slight as it appeared, which was inflicted on my hand by the arrow of him, who did shoot at me from the turret, as I was making my escape."

Interpreter. "As for the stings, and bruises, and the wound, of which you complain, none do ever enter the house of Mr. Philosophy, unless they be clad in armour of proof from the armoury of our King, without receiving many such hurts as those, if nothing worse befall them; and at present you must be contented to bear
them

them with patience, though hereafter I may be able to provide you some remedy for them. But as for the chains which so greatly trouble you, I pray you shew them to me.

"I do not now perceive them myself," said Good-intent.

"You however feel them," said the Interpreter.

"I cannot say I do," answered the young man; "yet methought their weight did mightily oppress me, while I viewed them in the mirror of him who was called Rights-of-man."

"You will probably be more sensible of them when you move," said the Interpreter. Rise up and walk, and prove whether there be any bonds which restrain your limbs."

Then Good-intent arose; but whether he turned himself to the right hand, or to the left, he could not observe that any thing drew him back, or deprived him of the liberty to walk or move which way soever he chose. "It is true, Sir," said he at last, "that I cannot now perceive myself to be in any bondage; but I remember Mr. Philosophy told me that the two giants, who had enslaved the whole world, were able also, by their magic art, to render their captives insensible of their own condition; and I am probably again under the influence of that sorcery, since I can no longer discover the chains, which were so plainly shewn me in that wonderful mirror."

"And art thou still so blind," said the Interpreter, "that thou canst not discern to whom the imputation of magic belongs? If thou wert indeed chained, as thine enemy would have persuaded thee, yet while thy bonds were invisible, and did no way restrain thy freedom in action, it would be difficult to say wherein the grievance did consist; but in fact this is nothing more than one of those vain shadows, with which Philosophy, himself the most powerful of magicians, doth use to delude those who have fallen into his snares; to the end that, resorting to him for deliverance from an imaginary bondage, they may fall into a real one, and so become
the

the instruments of the horrible designs he has formed for the subversion of every thing which mankind hath hitherto been accustomed to hold in reverence. But the love thou hast shewn for thy King, by resolutely quitting the abode of his enemy, in despite of all the obstacles which were opposed to thy escape, renders thee worthy that the false impressions which these sorceries have made on thy mind should be removed, and that thou shouldest be shewn that thy temporal, as well as thy eternal interests, can be secured only by a conduct, in every respect the reverse of that to which Philosophy impels his votaries. I will therefore explain to thee, in order, all that did befall thee, from the time when thou wast first persuaded by thy dangerous companion Curiosity, to taste of the stream of Vain-research, which issues from the fountain of Presumption, and empties itself into the boundless sea of Error. Mr. Philosophy, finding that stream possessed such qualities as might render it of considerable use to him, in his attempts to mislead pilgrims, was at a great expense in turning it across the high road: its original course having lain very wide therefrom; and the extraordinary darkness, which came upon your whole company, is one of the effects which are usually experienced by those who drink of its waters. You thus laid yourselves open to the attacks of your enemy; and having but a few moments before walked in safety by the light of heaven, you became glad to follow the dim taper which he had sent to guide you to your ruin. As for the account, which was given you by the way, of Mr. Philosophy himself, his very appearance might have convinced you of its falsehood; for you could not but see that his face wore no traces of that venerable age to which he pretends. In truth, there was one who bore the same name, and who lived in *Greece* about three thousand years ago; but with him this impostor hath not even any affinity; only he coveteth to wear robes of the same fashion, and to mimic the tones of his voice. Neither are his parents such as he pretends. Reason indeed will sometimes, when he is intoxicated, call him his son;

son; but when he is sober, he constantly denies that he is any way connected with him; and as for Nature, whom he would claim for his mother, she never saw him. His true father is no other than Lucifer, from whom he inheriteth his pride, and his rebellious spirit; but his mother was a mortal nymph, called Nonsense; and by her he was first instructed in the doctrines, which now he teacheth to the world. As for those scholars of his, whose labours he commended to you in his academy, they are of the number of those, of whom it long since was said, "that there should come in the last days, scoffers, who of this should willingly be ignorant, that, by the word of God, the heavens were of old, and the earth, standing out of the water and in the water; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished; but the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. Therefore do they vaunt themselves, as if, by their pretended discoveries, both the history and tradition of past ages could be set aside; as if, by their wisdom, a world could be made, and life and a reasonable soul infused into the creatures which should inhabit it, without the intervention of an Almighty Agent; and as if, by their counsels, this mortal could be taught to put on immortality, without the assistance of Him, who only "hath power to change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto himself." But I know that you now are weary and faint in your spirit, through the toils and terrors which you have this day undergone; and it will be expedient for you at present to take some refreshment, by which your strength may be revived. I will therefore defer expounding to you the true meaning of the sights which you afterwards beheld, until to-morrow morning; when, as some of my windows look the same way with those of Mr. Philosophy, I shall be able to give you a better view of those things, which he deceptively shewed unto you."

With

With that, the Interpreter arose, and taking Good-intent by the hand, he led him into another apartment, where a plentiful supper was provided; not indeed composed of such far-fetched dainties as the pilgrim had been regaled with at the banquet of his former host, but of meats much more nourishing and healthful; and after he had eaten a sufficiency, he was, by the Interpreter's order, conducted to the chamber appointed for his lodging, where he enjoyed a comfortable repose.

In the morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, Mr. Interpreter took him to a window, from which he had a sight of the common, whereon stood the company of naked men; but Good-intent, being now much nearer to them than he had been placed before, could discern great misery in their countenances; for each man was more intent on obtaining the mastery over the rest, than on providing for himself those things whereof he was the most in need; and if any one suffered wrong from another, he had no better resource than to return that injury by a new one; for they were governed by no laws, neither was there any judge by whom the weak could be protected from him that was too strong for him; so that every man's hand was against his neighbour, until he who was called Social-order appeared amongst them. At his approach, their discord ceased; and though he bestowed not his favours equally, yet even those, for whom he did the least, were manifestly in a better situation than they had been before his arrival; if he had clothed them but in rags, they had reason to be thankful, since before they had been naked; and if they were constrained to labour for the rich, that labour supplied them with food for themselves, for want of which they had before been starving. Moreover, Good-intent saw that many of those who had abundance, gave freely thereof to such as were in need; that no man durst any more attempt to do wrong unto another, because Social-order was ready to take the part of every one who was oppressed; and that of those, who at first had been placed in the meanest

meanest stations, there were many who, by their industry and prudent conduct, obtained places, from time to time, among those who held the highest ranks; while there were others, who at first had been gorgeously clothed, but who, as they wasted their substance by riotous living, were obliged to exchange their costly garments for the rags which the others had cast off.

“What thinkest thou now,” said the Interpreter to Good-intent; “whether of the two is preferable? The state of savage man, where every individual, conscious of no dependence on his fellow, lives but for himself; where consequently he can attain no advantages, but such as his own limited abilities can procure him; and where the constant insecurity of property confines all enjoyment within the present moment, and suffers no bright prospect of futurity to enlarge or ennoble the mind; or that state of things which, under the direction of a benign Providence, has been introduced by Social-order? Of perfection this world is not the seat; of the wisest human institutions it is therefore easy to discover the defects. The only fair method of judging, is, to compare the benefits with the inconveniences which result from them; but to that end, it is necessary to view them in all their parts; and it is therefore one chief artifice of Mr. Philosophy, to permit his pupils to behold but on one side the objects which he presents to them. Where there is a gradation of ranks, the occasional exaltation of the unworthy, and depression of the meritorious, must, among human creatures, be unavoidable; yet, even in the most corrupt times, such abuses will not be universal, since most of the grosser vices naturally lead to poverty and contempt, while godliness hath “the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come;” and when this world shall pass away, and that which is perfect shall succeed it, then shall it evidently appear that all things, whether happy or calamitous in their present aspect, shall alike have worked together for good to those who have loved and obeyed their celestial King.”

"I am infinitely beholden to you, Sir," said Good-intent, "for having set me right on a point so important as this. I now perceive how much I was misled by that imperfect view which Mr. Philosophy afforded me; and that Social-order, whom he represented as the author of all the evils of this world, is, in fact, man's truest benefactor. But, I pray you, let us proceed a little farther. I surely could not be equally wrong in the judgment I formed respecting the next sight which was shewn unto us; in the abhorrence I felt at that terrible prison, nor in my zealous admiration of her who overthrew its walls."

"I do not blame you," said the Interpreter, "for the opinions which you were led to entertain on that subject; yet I will shew you, that even there, you formed your judgment too hastily."

And with that, he led the pilgrim to another place, from which they had a view of the tower. Good-intent again beheld it with indignation; but the Interpreter bade him look around, and he saw on every side good dwelling-houses, and flourishing lands; till she who was called *Liberty* came, and overthrew the tower; when behold, as it fell, the earth opened to receive it, and where it once had stood, the pilgrim now saw a lake of blood, whence presently flowed a stream, which deluged all the country round. The fruitful fields were no longer to be seen; and as *Liberty*, now risen to a gigantic height, stalked proudly through the crimson flood, every house at her approach changed its form, and became a dungeon, more black and more noisome than the tower had been which she had overthrown; and instead of the few prisoners who had been confined in that tower, Good-intent now perceived that half the inhabitants of the land, with groans which pierced his soul, mourned their hopeless captivity.

"O, Sir!" cried the pilgrim, "what am I to understand by this? Can this be the work of *Liberty*?"

"Not, assuredly, of true *Liberty*," said the Interpreter, "who is a very different personage from her whom Mr. Philosophy and his followers think proper

to call such. True *Liberty*, is of celestial origin; she is the inseparable companion of *Good government*, and some of her children are *Property*, *Security*, and *Public-happiness*; but this false pretender to her name is the sister of the fiend *Anarchy*, by whom she is sent forth, to endeavour, by her enticing words, and her magic power, to reduce the whole world under his dominion. And through the folly and wickedness of man, and his restless spirit, ever given to change, her conquests already have been great; insomuch that we have seen her, 'as God, sitting in the temple of God.' Nay, though wherever she has come, the effects of her presence have been such as you have now beheld; the eyes of the simple ones are not yet opened; and there are even those, who would gladly expel from among them the true and friendly *Liberty*, that they might give her place to this pernicious shadow. But be not thou of their number; remembering that of such it was long since written, 'while they promise you *Liberty*, they themselves are the servants of *Corruption*.'

Good-intent assured the Interpreter, that what he had seen would sufficiently secure him against the persuasion of all who sought to establish the empire of *Anarchy*, through the deceits of the sorceress his sister. "But, Sir," added he, "what you have shewn me, concerning these two last sights, has rendered me so much the more impatient to hear what you will tell me of the next; which was the first thing, of all that I met with in the palace of Mr. Philosophy, whence I derived any suspicion that I was among those who were the enemies of my king; and though, from that moment, I ceased to give implicit credit to all he said, yet do I feel that your explanations are very necessary to set my mind at ease, and to relieve it from the evil impression which, contrary to my will, he made on it."

The Interpreter, gladly complying with his request, then led him away to another place, whence they could see the woman, who wore on her breast the bloody cross, exulting over the ashes of those who had been consumed

consumed by the flame which proceeded out of her mouth.

"In this scene," said the Interpreter, "more clearly than in any other, may be traced the wiles of him who sought your destruction. He could not have devised more effectual means to engage you in that pretended war, which he professes to wage against *Superstition* and *Despotism*, than by shewing you, in all their horrors, the deeds of this execrable wretch, who is indeed, as he told you, the daughter of *Superstition*, and to whom *Despotism* has frequently delegated his power; but whereas he would have persuaded you, that in this deformed and cruel monster you beheld the figure of Christianity, cast your eyes upward, and see whether there be even any shadow of resemblance, such as could deceive the most unwary."

Then Good-intent looked up, and he beheld, seated above the clouds, another female figure, who in her appearance bore the aspect of an angel of light, and the excellence of whose beauty astonished the eyes of all who were able steadily to look upon her. Celestial love, firm faith, and ecstatic hope, beamed on her countenance; and in her hand she bore a banner, whereon was inscribed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men."

Good-intent gazed enraptured on the glorious vision; and the Interpreter again addressing him, "She whom thou now seest," said he, "is Christianity; and such as she now appears to thee has she ever been; for her heavenly substance is susceptible of no change nor decay. But she who sits below, whose true name is *Persecution*, has ever been her most inveterate foe. When Christianity first appeared to bless mankind, the whole race of *Superstition* openly took arms against her, and strove to drive her back to her native abodes; but when, in despite of such enemies, her power prevailed, they soon feigned themselves her servants, assumed the ensigns, and pretended her authority even for the slaughter of her own most faithful friends; and latterly, as thou hast already heard, her very name has been ascribed

ascribed to this fiend *Persecution*, by those who set their mouth against the heavens, and who hope, under that pretence, to accomplish their treacherous designs against her. But look attentively, and see what follows."

Then Good-intent looked, and behold! Christianity spread her wings, and descended towards them in all her brightness: as she approached, the earth seemed to feel her influence, and all things that were on it to rejoice in her presence. Averting her eyes, lest they should be polluted by the sight of her enemy's cruelties, she alighted on the ground; and as she waved her banner, every vestige of horror quickly vanished away; and *Persecution* herself, dropping the white garments which she had worn but to defile them, and the sacred ensign which her crimes had occasioned the ignorant to blaspheme, and appearing in all her native deformity, fled, pale and trembling, from the face of the offended power. Then Good-intent looked, to see whither she would betake herself; and much was he surprised to perceive that she went straight to the house of Mr. Philosophy; and behold! Mr. Philosophy himself came forth to meet her; and having comforted and embraced her, he put into her hand a phial, of which, when she had drank the contents, her strength and boldness were renewed. Then he clothed her in other garments; and having put a sword into her hand, he sent her forth, to renew her oppressions over the face of all the world.

"What am I to think of this?" said Good-intent; "Is it possible that Mr. Philosophy can have entered into a league with her, whose bloody deeds appeared to have inspired him with so much horror?"

"He will teach her to refine on all her former cruelties," replied the Interpreter; "for, however he might inveigh against her, while he pretended to consider her as the minister of your king, he was all the time well aware how valuable her assistance might be rendered to his own designs. He has now, therefore, engaged her in his service; and where his arts shall

not

not avail, he will entrust to her the advancement of his cause, and the propagation of his doctrines."

"But surely they will not be permitted long to triumph," said Good-intent.

"It is not my office," said the Interpreter, "to declare to you the times and the seasons, which are not yet made known unto men. For the trial of the faith of the righteous are these things permitted on the earth; and he who shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved. Wherefore, be thou vigilant; and neither suffer thyself to be again seduced out of the right path by deceitful words, nor to be terrified into a wrong one through any apprehension of the cruelty of *Persecution*, should it fall to thy lot to be assaulted by her; remembering by what authority thou hast been forewarned "not to be afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do:" seeing that He only ought to be the object of thy fear, who, "after he hath killed, hath power also to cast into hell."

Now I saw in my dream, that though Good-intent was grieved at the thought of the evils which were coming upon the world, he was yet much comforted in his mind, by the view which had been afforded him of the true form of Christianity; and having followed his conductor to another place, the Interpreter there put a glass into his hands, and bade him view through that the scene before him.

"It is a glass," said he, "which was made by no other than Mr. Philosophy himself; and through such glasses as these did you all behold that last scene, on which your enemy particularly depended for the accomplishment of his purpose. It is true you perceived them not; for they were by magic art suspended in the air before you, and their transparency rendered them invisible to your eyes; and it is in order to enable you to judge of their deceitful effects, that I desire you now to use one of the same kind."

Good-intent then looking through the glass, saw that numerous company of men who were seemingly so
happy

happy in their captivity, with the two deformed giants, whose chains they wore.

"Now lay aside that false glass," said the Interpreter, "and look again."

So he looked again, and behold a different prospect presented itself to his eyes. Instead of the two giants, he now saw two grave and venerable personages, whose whole resemblance to them consisted in that one wore a crown, and the other a mitre: moreover the people no longer appeared oppressed with any bonds; but while they lived in prosperity and peace, occupied with their farms and with their merchandise, a certain number, some deputed by their fellows, and some called forward by their prince, assembled round him who wore the crown, and sat with him in council, to deliberate on the measures requisite to be taken for the benefit of the whole community; while he who wore the mitre, assumed no control over the rest, but was occupied in instructing them with brotherly kindness, in the duties they owed to their Creator, and to each other; fervently praying to Him who evermore ruleth in the heavens, for his blessings on them all.

"Such as thou seest," said Mr. Interpreter, "is the state of those who are subject to *Lawful-government* and *Church-order*; those two venerable persons, whom, when viewed through Mr. Philosophy's false glass, appeared to thee in the gigantic forms of *Despotism* and *Superstition*; monsters, who have indeed committed the most deplorable ravages in the earth, and whose very names are therefore calculated to inspire horror; but who have long since been driven far from the regions through which thou and thy fellow pilgrims have to travel; and if ever they resume their empire, they will owe it to Mr. Philosophy himself; who, by subverting the authority of those who now maintain order in the world, will leave the nations an easy prey to these cruel invaders, who will scarcely neglect such an opportunity of attempting the re-establishment of their former power. The mirror of that phantom, who bore the name of *Rights-of-man*, was prepared
with

with the same magical arts as the glasses, through which, unknown to yourselves, Mr. Philosophy caused you to view the sight which is now before you. The men, who had been deluded with the appearance of their imaginary chains, were on the point of rebelling against their governors, and of involving themselves with them in one general destruction; when fortunately a person, whose name was Common sense, threw a stone, which broke the mirror; and immediately the spell was dissolved, and public tranquillity was restored."

"But hold," said Good-intent, "though you have so clearly shewn me how falsely these things were represented to me by Mr. Philosophy, yet, on looking more attentively, I discern some persons yonder who are loaded with chains of no imaginary weight. Who are they? and wherefore are they thus oppressed?"

"Those," said the Interpreter, "are a few, who did not, so speedily as the rest, forget what Rights-of-man had taught them. He had assured them, that of every species of property, which they beheld in the possession of others, they were entitled to their respective shares. That it was allowable for them to help themselves to those shares, was an inference obviously deducible from such a maxim; but, unluckily for them, in the ancient archives of the state, a law was preserved, which said, 'Thou shalt not steal;' and to the penalties imposed by that law, are they now obliged to submit."

"Their bondage then is just," said Good-intent: "yet, if rulers are entrusted with a power to inflict captivity and death, how can any man, who is subject to them, consider himself as in a state of security?"

"Those rulers whom thou seest before thee," said the Interpreter, "have no power to slay or to imprison any, but such as are condemned by just laws and impartial judges; but were it otherwise, thy question was answered long ago by one who lived under a worse government than thou hast ever seen: 'Wilt thou not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same; for he is the minister

ter of God to thee for good : but, if thou dost that which is evil, be afraid : for he beareth not the sword in vain : For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil." Wherefore, if security be thy desire, let it be thy study continually to follow after goodness, meekness, temperance : against such, in no country, unless it be where Philosophy hath established his dominion, is there any law."

Good-intent now declared himself entirely relieved from all the uneasiness which his former imperfect view of things had left upon his mind ; and having most gratefully thanked Mr. Interpreter, for having thus opened his eyes to the truth, and given him so many excellent counsels, he professed his readiness to set forward again on his journey.

But the Interpreter invited him to stay with him all the remainder of that day : " For," said he, " you would at present find yourself much molested by those who were lately your companions, and who, about this time, are setting forth on the expedition to which Mr. Philosophy hath impelled them ; but they will soon turn into a different road, and to-morrow morning you may resume your journey in peace. I cannot, indeed, promise you that you will travel very far before you fall in with some of those who are enemies to your king, of whom there are many bands, spreading themselves far and wide over the whole country through which you are to pass ; but though it will be your duty firmly to resist such, whenever they attempt either forcibly or fraudulently to turn you from your way, it is yet unnecessary that you should voluntarily encounter the first fury of the mad troop which is now about to issue forth, and of which, if it will gratify you, I can afford you a speedy view."

Good-intent being desirous to see them, the Interpreter led him to an upper chamber, from which they looked directly towards the house of Mr. Philosophy, and could also descry a considerable portion of the high road. And presently they saw Mr. Philosophy's gates thrown open, and a numerous company of men

rush

rush forth. There appeared among them persons of all conditions; and Good-intent soon distinguished, in the midst of the band, those whom he had left behind him the day before in the black temple: he also observed many others whom he had seen among the guests of Mr. Philosophy at supper; and particularly he remarked the men with the fierce countenances, who had sat apart from the rest, and who wore daggers in their girdles. These were now mingled with the others in one troop: there were, moreover, many women in the company; but all bore in their hands some instrument of death, which they waved above their heads with hideous yellings; frequently intermixing with their cries, the most horrid blasphemies against Him who reigns on high, and threats against all men on the earth, such only excepted as should, like themselves, acknowledge no other lords than Atheism and Anarchy. Good-intent was astonished to see that those who had been so recently his own companions, were animated by the same frantic spirit as the rest; and he could not forbear expressing to the Interpreter his surprise, that, in so short a time, they should have made so great a progress in ferocity; for though he had beheld with abhorrence their apostasy from their King, he had yet thought some of them of too mild a nature to be persuaded to join in the excesses of this desperate crew.

“When men have once abjured the protection of their Creator,” said the Interpreter, “they fall precipitately from one wickedness to another, while there is none to uphold them. These men, you may remember, were impatient to receive from Anarchy the swords, the very touch of which, Mr. Philosophy assured them, would produce such wonderful effects; and in fact, with such powerful drugs were those swords charmed, that, instantly on their grasping them, they were all inspired with the most outrageous fury; insomuch that Mr. Philosophy himself could scarcely restrain them from falling upon each other in his presence. He soon, however, recovered his influence over them, and succeeded in turning their rage against his enemies, whom they are now rallying forth to attack.”

H

“And

“And whither will they go?” demanded Good-intent.

“They will continually be led on by delusive shadows,” answered the Interpreter; “and imagining that they fight against *Despotism* and *Superstition*, they will wage war against all who maintain the cause of *Lawful government* and *Church-order*, and endeavour to overthrow their sway in all countries where they are owned, erecting in their stead that of *Atheism* and *Anarchy*; nay, such is their arrogance, that they think even to dethrone the King of the *Celestial City*, to whom heaven and earth are subject.—But wait till thou shalt enter into the sanctuary of God; then wilt thou understand the end of these men.”

Then I beheld that the Interpreter bade Good-intent look along the road, on the which he was to travel; and at a distance before them, he saw a high hill.

“That,” said the Interpreter, “is the hill *Difficulty*, which thou must ascend; but cast thine eyes to the left, on those dark mountains, to which the path leads which is called *Destruction*, and observe that steep and craggy one, which towers above all the rest; that is the mountain of *Revolution*. The ascent of it is the first enterprize which those mad men must achieve; and hence truly it may plainly appear, that the children of this world are ever more regardless of toil, than the children of light; for few labours await thee in thy pilgrimage, worthy to be compared with this, which they are about to undertake. All the passes about the bottom of the mountain are guarded by the troops of *Lawful government*; who will sally forth, and grievously annoy them: if they prevail against those, they will afterwards climb up slippery paths, by the edge of terrible precipices, where huge fragments of rock are continually giving way, and overwhelming travellers with sudden ruin; and even on the very summit of the mountain, there are many dangerous bogs, nay, and that where the grass appears the greenest, where, if a man chance to tread, he suddenly sinks to rise no more. Whereas thy path, though it be difficult,

is

is safe, and thou hast the assurance that the end thereof will be everlasting life. Be not thou, therefore, weary in well doing; while those who do ill, neither faint through fatigue, nor suffer themselves to be turned back by the fear of any danger."

Good-intent promised the Interpreter he would never be unmindful of his counsels; and then, descending from the house top, the old gentleman led his guest into the parlour, where by that time dinner was ready. After they had risen from table, he shewed him most of those sights which he had heretofore shewn to Christian, and to Christiana his wife, that through them the pilgrim's resolution might be the farther strengthened; and leading him into his garden, he there caused him to drink of the waters of a well, which was called the well of *Truth*; and after that draught, the pain of the hurts which he had received in the palace of Mr. Philosophy, which was already greatly abated, was entirely removed, so that he felt them no longer.

They spent the rest of the evening in profitable conversation; with which Good-intent was so greatly delighted, that, had not the discourse of the Interpreter redoubled his impatience to proceed on his journey, he could have been well contented to have passed the remainder of his life in his company. In the morning he arose early; and going to take leave of his kind host, he felt himself unable sufficiently to express the gratitude he owed him; but the Interpreter told him, that the most certain evidence he could give him of it, would be by the constant observance of his counsels; and then, bidding him God speed, he suffered him to depart.

Now I saw in my dream, that the young man went forwards with a good pace; and for a little way he could plainly trace the footsteps of Mr. Philosophy's furious followers, who had pass by the day before; who, as they went, had torn down the fences on either side of the road, and done what mischief they could in the lands adjoining: but he perceived that they had turned out of that road before they came to the *Cross*,
and

and entered a lane on the left hand, which was their neatest way to the mountain of *Revolution*.

He was glad to lose for a time all traces of them; and continuing to go on, he soon came to the place where Christian's burden had fallen off his back. There he stopped: and renewing at the foot of the cross all his good resolutions, he humbly implored for himself a participation in those benefits, which, through it, had been procured for all, who with true, penitent hearts, and a lively faith, were followers of Him, by whom only cometh salvation. After he had thus continued a while in prayer, he rose, feeling himself inwardly much strengthened, and proceeded on his journey.

He had not gone far, when he perceived before him a youth, who appeared nearly of his own age, and who was travelling the same way with himself, but very leisurely; for he was busied in making a garland of rose buds, which he hastened to gather before they withered, to adorn his hair withal; and, thus employed, he paid little attention to his goings, but stepped, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, without regarding where he set his foot. When he saw Good-intent, however, he was much rejoiced, and threw away his flowers, hoping to find greater amusement in the company of a young pilgrim of so pleasant a countenance. Good-intent also greeted him fairly, and inquired whether he were bound, like himself, to the *Celestial City*.

"Certainly," answered the youth, "for since I find that I must needs, some time or other, quit the pleasant land of my nativity, I would rather go to that city than elsewhere. Yet I have hitherto found the road so dull, that I have been many times in the mind to turn back."

"I hope not," said Good-intent; "I hope you are not so careless of your own eternal safety, as to entertain any such perilous thoughts."

"O! not now," said the young man; "not while I have you for a companion; for, truly, I like your looks; and I am persuaded that we shall soon become great friends, and walk on very pleasantly together."

Good-intent was not altogether so well pleased with his new associate, as his new associate was with him; yet, seeing that they were travelling the same way, and that the young man expressed so friendly a disposition towards him, he returned him a suitable answer, and was contented for the present to walk on in his company. Then they asked each other of their names and extraction: and the young man said that his name was *Light-mind*, and that he came from the town of *Thoughtlessness*, in the valley of *Idleness*.

Good-intent. "And what adventures have you met with since you set out from your own country?"

Light-mind. "Adventures! Truly none; unless you call it an adventure to walk strait forwards by myself, and hear the croakings of the ravens in the hedges."

Good-intent. "How! Did Mr. Philosophy let you pass without making an attempt to inveigle you into his palace?"

Light-mind. "O! you mean the large new house, that stands on the left side of the way. Why, indeed, as I passed over a bridge near the gate, a man came forth to me, and counselled me to drink of the water of the stream; but I was not thirsty, neither was the water inviting to mine eyes; so I refused: however, he still went on persuading me, if I would not drink, yet to go to the house; and as he told me I should be well entertained there, I might possibly have consented to follow him, had I not seen a company of men walking in the pleasure-grounds, who, he said, were some of his master's chief friends; and a more shabby, beggarly set, I never beheld. So assuring myself there could be no company there, fit for a gentleman to associate with, I would not demean myself by going among them, but walked on in my own road. Then he, who had been talking with me, reviled me, and went his way."

Good-intent. "I would I had been as easily offended as you were, by the ill-favoured appearance of those men; for by what motive soever I had been withheld from entering the palace of their master, it would in
the

the end have spared me much uneasiness. But I conclude you went afterwards to the house of the Interpreter; for besides the profit to be reaped there, rest and refreshment must have been very necessary to you on your journey."

Light-mind. "Not I, indeed! What amusement could one of my years find in the company of that old grey-beard? Half a century hence, perhaps, such a companion may be very suitable to me; but, for the present, rather than give myself the trouble of paying for my lodging by patiently listening to his long stories, I chose to put up with a green bank for my pillow; and, as for a supper, I was at no loss on that score, since I have, as you see, this wallet, which was plentifully filled with the most dainty food by my mother *Indulgence*, before I set out upon my pilgrimage."

Now, I saw in my dream, that Good-intent was much offended to hear his good friend, the Interpreter, spoken of thus lightly: so he took his part with great warmth, and endeavoured to convince his companion how much he had been in the wrong in neglecting to visit him, as he had passed his house: "And it is much to be feared," said he, "that if you now avoid such company, because you are young, when you shall have lived through the half century which you so confidently promise yourself, you may no longer have it in your power to obtain admission to it." He then went on to speak of the great advantages which he himself had derived from his visit to the Interpreter; and *Light-mind* heard him with such ready acquiescence, that Good-intent conceived great hopes that he should soon be able to prevail with him to adopt very different sentiments. So they went on, till they came to the foot of the hill *Difficulty*, the sight of which did rather invigorate the spirits of Good-intent, who was eager to press forward and gain the summit; but its steepness did sorely dismay his companion, who professed himself unable to attempt the ascent. Good-intent earnestly conjured him not to suffer himself to be so easily discouraged, nor to give up all the advantages, in the
hope

hope of which he had proceeded so far on his pilgrimage, rather than encounter a little difficulty; and he even offered to assist him in climbing, though his own toil would be thereby so greatly increased.

On this, Light-mind was ashamed to refuse any longer: "But at least," said he, "let me sit awhile by this fountain, to take a little rest, before I attempt an enterprise so troublesome; for you ought to consider, that you have been spending these last two nights at the house of the Interpreter, where you tell me you found yourself so mightily at your ease; whereas I have had no better a bed than the bare ground, since I first set out from the house of my kind mother. Since, therefore, I have not partaken of the same refreshments as you, it is natural that I should feel myself more overcome by the fatigues of the way: wherefore let me rest myself a little, and afterwards I will go forward with you."

Good-intent made no objection to this proposal, though on his own account he felt little inclination for rest. So they sat down by the side of the spring, and Light-mind opened his wallet, and took out some cakes; but Good-intent had a bunch of dried fruit, which had been given to him by the Interpreter; and I saw that each did offer to the other, part of his fare, but each liked his own the best: so they did eat and refresh themselves, and they drank of the water of the spring.

While they were thus sitting, on a sudden they heard on their right hand a noise of melodious music, which was as that of many instruments, skilfully played on, and well accorded together, accompanying the voice of a singer, which in sweetness far surpassed them all. By degrees the sound drew nearer; and the pilgrims rising, and advancing a few paces towards it, they descried coming down the path that was called *Danger*, a company of beautiful nymphs, of whom some were the musicians who formed this rare concert, and the rest, dancing to the measure, encircled one, who appeared to be their mistress, and who walked in the midst with a more than stately deportment. Light-mind was transported

transported with joy at the sight of this goodly company; but Good-intent had learned to trust less to appearances; and though the nymphs seemed as fair in his eyes, as they did in those of his companion, yet the first thought which arose in his mind, as he beheld them, was a resolution that he would not, for their sakes, be persuaded to turn aside from the way, which he knew to be the right one.

They soon came up to the spot where the pilgrims stood; and the nymphs falling back, their mistress advanced, and fairly accosted the two young men. She was a gentlewoman of a marvellous good mein, and though she was not by nature of a fair complexion, that defect was abundantly supplied by art: she had a haughty air, yet withal a very enticing smile: she was, moreover, very fantastically clad; but what seemed the strangest to the pilgrims was, that, while they looked at her, they beheld her garments assuming every moment a new shape or hue: even the colour of her hair changed before their eyes; and, instead of a lap-dog, she carried a cameleon in her arms.

“Gentleman,” said she to the pilgrims, “I will not affront persons of your figure so much, as to suppose you have not heard of me; though in regard that you are young, and have but newly entered into the world, you have not yet presented yourselves at my court, to pay me the homage which I claim from all. I am called the Lady *Fashion*: these nymphs, whom you see in my train, are the *Pleasures*: all people of condition acknowledge me as their sovereign lady and mistress: wherefore I doubt not but that you will rejoice in the opportunity I now offer you of making me amends for your past neglect, and of speedily attaining the high honors to which it is my custom to exalt my favourites.”

“We are beholden to you, madam,” answered Good-intent, “for the courtesy you design us; but, before we accept it, we must know what homage it is that you expect from us, for we cannot serve two masters; neither will we leave him who has bound us

unto

unto him by so many benefits, and from whom we look for our everlasting reward, to put ourselves under such subjection to any other, as may alienate us from that undivided obedience which we owe unto him."

"Are you mad," whispered Light-mind to Good-intent, "to answer so fine a Lady so uncivilly?"

Then said the Lady *Fashion*, "You need entertain no apprehensions that I shall engage you in any actions which can draw upon you the anger of your prince; for though I do not rigidly insist that my votaries shall acknowledge his authority, yet, if it pleases themselves to do so, I by no means object to it, but permit them openly to profess themselves his subjects, and to obey such of his injunctions as are reasonable, and not improper to be observed by persons of a certain rank. All indeed that I require of those whom I favour, is, that they wear such garments as I chuse for them, and conform to my directions in a few more trifles, equally indifferent; and, in return, I admit them to my bower, and shew them an easy and pleasant path through the groves of *Dissipation*, whereby they may proceed on their journey, without giving themselves the trouble of climbing up this steep and craggy hill, a labour only fit to be undertaken by those vulgar pilgrims, whose presence would disgrace my court."

Then I saw in my dream, that Good-intent beheld her with indignation, and said, "It is indeed true, O vain and deceitful woman! that the first compliances which thou dost demand, appear light and harmless; and as we desire to live peaceably with all men, we would readily avail ourselves of the liberty which is given to us to consent to thy will in all matters really indifferent; but, in requiring us to turn aside from the way of our Lord, thou dost sufficiently discover to us thy evil purposes; for those who truly honor him, esteem none of his injunctions unreasonable; but, remembering that with him is no respect of persons, will never imagine that any worldly rank can exempt its possessor from the obligation, to which all men are equally subject, to keep the whole law. Wherefore, if thou and thy train re-

fuse to ascend this mountain with us, thy invitations to us are vain, for we can in no wise consent to walk with thee."

"And why should you esteem it so necessary," replied the Lady *Fashion*, "to ascend that dreary mountain? Or, if you are right at the last, what can it signify which path you take at the beginning of your journey? The road which I shall shew, you winds round the foot of the hill *Difficulty*; and, avoiding that dangerous swamp, the valley of *Humiliation*, is both the safest, and the pleasanter, by which you can travel to the town of *Vanity*, through which, as it is known to every body, you must necessarily pass in your way to the *Celestial Country*; and having once reached that town, and partaken a while of its delights, you will afterwards be free to pursue your journey onwards, by whatsoever path you chuse."

Then Good-intent looked at the mountain, and it appeared to him more dreary than at first; for its summit was clad with stormy clouds, while below the air was clear, and no wind was felt, save a light breeze, which wafted the most delectable perfumes from the groves of *Dissipation*. But the pilgrim bethought himself of his book; and, when he opened it, he found written therein, "The fashion of this world passeth away;" "but he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever." Then was his heart fortified in his good resolutions, and he refused to listen any longer to the persuasions of seducers; but looking round for Light-mind, that he might lead him also forward in the way wherein he was purposed to walk himself, he found him not; for two damsels in the train of *Fashion*, *Pomp* and *Luxury* by name, had enamoured the simple youth, who had paid little attention to the arguments of his companion, and were leading him in triumph towards their mistress's bower.

When Good-intent at last descried him, in his eagerness to overtake him and call him back, he ran some paces after him. Then *Fashion*, hoping that, though he had at first resisted her allurements, he might nevertheless

ertheless be vanquished as easily as Light-mind had been by the charms of her nymphs, commissioned them to use all their arts to ensnare him ; and I saw in my dream, that, obedient to their Queen's command, *Amusement* danced around him, and, seizing his hand, sportively courted him to join her revels ; and *Taste*, approaching on the other side, offered to lead him to those delicious groves, which her skill had adorned, where she would cull for him the fairest flowers, and where delights, unknown to vulgar souls, invited his enjoyment.

Good-intent was nearly overcome. He was now within sight of the verdant walks of the groves of *Dissipation*, which were thronged with crowds of people in the most splendid dresses, and in which he beheld Light-mind surrounded by a new company of damsels, not clad in the virgin robes which were worn by those who had at first appeared, but decked with the gaudy and shameless attire of harlots : two of these, observing the approach of Good-intent, advanced to the entrance of the grove, as if to receive him ; and he perceived that they beckoned to his conductresses, who answering the signal, quickened their pace, and drew him more forcibly along. Now she, whom *Amusement* thus hastened to meet, was known by her haggard looks and flushed complexion, her intemperate laugh, and her half frantic gestures, to be *Excess* ; while *Prodigality*, scattering gold with both her hands, and catching in its stead at a few baubles of imaginary value, was the nymph to whom *Taste* was hurrying to present the pilgrim.

But the sight of these new associates recalled reflection to his bosom. He perceived that Light-mind had advanced too far to be reclaimed by his warning voice ; and he became conscious that he was no longer drawn forward by any hope of saving his companion, but by the charms of the pleasures, to which he had too easily yielded. Then he remembered that it was written, " He that resisteth pleasures, crowneth his life ; " and, instantly breaking from the grasp of his seducers, he
turned

turned his back on the alluring groves, and ran with all his speed towards the place where the dangerous company first had met him; nor, though *Beauty* and *Elegance* placed themselves in the way to attract his eye, and *Harmony* chanted her sweetest notes to charm his ear, would he once stop or look back till he had reached the foot of the hill *Difficulty*, which he immediately began to ascend; while *Fashion*, provoked that he had escaped her fascinations, consoled herself by making him her laughing stock, and declaring that she had herself expelled him from her boundaries, as a person unworthy to associate with her chosen band.

Regardless of her scoffs, he pursued his way, and climbed up the steep mountain with great alacrity, till, panting with fatigue, he was obliged to slacken his pace that he might recover breath. And he now found that the difficulty of his way was greater than he had at first imagined; for, by reason of a long continuance of dry weather, the grass, wherewith the path he had chosen was overgrown, was become very slippery; so that, as he endeavoured to climb, he frequently slid back, and could scarcely save himself from dangerous falls. Then he began to lament himself, and even to doubt whether it would not have been more safe for him to have remained in the valley where the *Pleasures* abode, than to have attempted to climb a height too difficult for him to attain: but endeavouring to dismiss this thought from his mind, he cried for help to Him, who never rejects the prayers of humble pilgrims; and was about to redouble his exertions, when, raising his eyes, he saw before him a man, whose raiment was of sackcloth, and whose spare thin body was wasted with long continued abstinence; but his stern and lowering aspect inspired Good-intent with dismay.

"Young man," said he, accosting the pilgrim, "thy attempt to ascend this mountain is laudable; but thy nerves are relaxed by the air of the valley below, and without assistance thy labours will be vain. To afford support to fainting travellers, is the office to which I am appointed by the Lord of this way. If, therefore, thou

thou hast the courage, lean on this staff, and follow me."

Now the staff which he offered to Good-intent, was thickly beset with thorns; and the path into which he led him was, one, which indeed went strait towards the summit of the hill, but it was so rugged, and strewed with such sharp pebbles, that he could scarcely endure to walk in it. Yet, fearing to reject a guide whom his King had appointed to conduct him, he obeyed him with little hesitation, only desiring to know his name; and when the stranger replied that it was *Self-denial*, Good-intent remembered that he was one with whom the faithful servants of his Lord had ever delighted to walk. So he took the thorny staff; and though he could not lean on it without pain, yet he found himself perceptibly strengthened by the hidden virtues with which it was endued: and he walked forward in the rugged path, where he was no longer in any danger of falling, but found firm footing for his steps. He had not proceeded far, before the steep and difficult ascent was become as easy to him, as ever he had found it to walk on level ground; the thorns, which at first had pierced his hand, were blunted; and as he viewed his guide, his harsh features appeared to soften, and to invite familiarity, as much as at first they had excited terror.

Good-intent could not forbear expressing his surprise at the alteration; and *Self-denial*, smiling with an air of benignity, replied unto him, "It is true, that those who are strangers to me do in general suppose me their enemy; and those only discover in me a friend, whose zeal for their King induces them to prefer the ascent of this mountain to the flowery paths of the *Pleasures*."

"Alas, Sir!" said Good-intent, "I fear that I have little claim to the kindness which has been shewn unto me, seeing that I did myself wander from the strait road, in the company of those bewitching damsels; and though I quitted them at last, I know not what degree of guilt I may have contracted, by suffering them to lead me so far."

"Fear

"Fear not," replied the guide; "the *Pleasures* are harmless companions, 'till such time as they introduce their votaries to the *Vices*; who composed that second female band which you beheld in the grove of *Disipation*. Those of the first company, had you not quitted them when you did, would soon have forsaken you; for they seldom venture beyond the outskirts of that dangerous grove, because *Vexation-of-spirit*, a fiend, whose very aspect is fatal to them, is continually stalking through its paths. Though, therefore, at the command of *Fashion*, they frequently conduct unwary pilgrims thither, they enter not themselves; nor indeed, though they are now in alliance with the *Vices*, do they take any delight in their society; for they were originally attendant on the *Virtues*; from whose service, though they have been seduced, they still meet them with joy, and often associate with them: nay, sometimes, disgusted with the caprices of *Fashion*, who vainly boasts her empire over them, they quit her train, and walk for a considerable way with pilgrims who are travelling towards the *Celestial City*. But though, for a season, it is not forbidden to converse with them, yet, in their present degenerate state, they are companions whom it is dangerous to entertain without continual suspicion and mistrust; since he, who, regardless of the prize of his high calling, becomes a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God, soon learns to content himself with earthly joys, and no longer seeks those nobler *Pleasures* which are above; but, following these blind and inconstant guides, is sooner or later seduced into forbidden paths, where he finally makes shipwreck of his hopes, and becomes a miserable cast-away."

"But, I pray you," said Good-intent, "since you have had the kindness to impart so much unto me, tell me yet farther who this Lady *Fashion* is, and what can be her motive for desiring to entice so many innocent pilgrims into the path of *Danger*?"

"To resolve this question," answered *Self-denial*, "I must remind you, that, as she herself did craftily
urge

urge unto you, the road to the *Celestial City* lies through the town of *Vanity*. Now, when your ancestor Christian passed that way, he found the whole town in subjection to its prince *Beelzebub*, and all the men who dwelt there, enemies unto those who served the heavenly King; but after that *Faithful* had, by his death, gloriously given testimony to the truth, many were converted unto it; insomuch, that when *Christiana* and her company came there, they met with very hospitable entertainment at the house of Mr. Manson, and found many good friends, with whom they spent pleasantly all the time which it was meet they should pass at that place. The number of these favourers of pilgrims has ever since continued to increase, to the great injury of the fair which is held there, and of those who traffic in the kind of merchandise which is exposed in it for sale; travellers who are on their way to a better country, not caring to encumber themselves with such vain and perishable commodities. Wherefore, upon a time *Beelzebub* himself called together the chief men of his party in the town, and bade them devise some means of remedy; and some said on this wise, and some on that. But when none of them could propose any effectual expedient, this *Lady Fashion* appeared, and presented herself before the council. Now she was a person well known in the town, being the daughter of *Madam Bubble*, (she that had almost been too hard for *Standfast* the pilgrim) and moreover nearly related to all the chief families of the place: *Beelzebub*, therefore, did really grant her an audience; and she represented that the most proper season to attack pilgrims, and to strive to seduce them from their Lord, was not when they had proceeded so far on their journey as to have reached that place, but rather when they were first beginning to perceive the difficulty of the way they had chosen; and she observed that the path called *Danger*, which turned off at the foot of this mountain, did indeed lead to the town of *Vanity*, but to a quarter of it remote from those streets, through which lay the road to the *Celestial City*. She therefore proposed to engage the *Pleasures* in her train,

and

and to lie in wait near the spot where she met you, for young and unwary pilgrims; and her scheme proving acceptable to her prince, he immediately empowered her to execute it. And her success has been answerable to her promises: you approached sufficiently near to the grove of *Dissipation*, to see how numerous a company was assembled there. When those whom she has seduced first enter it, every object appears to them as delightful as it seemed to you; but the scene soon alters, as the *Pleasures* vanish. Of those who are enticed thither, some, losing sight of those gay nymphs, are met by *Vexation-of-spirit*, from whom, though they fly, they find it impossible to avoid him; till, harrassed by his continual pursuit, a few of them bethink themselves of returning to the right way, and having regained it, are even more zealous in walking therein, than those who never have forsaken it. But the greater part of the votaries of *Fashion* become an easy prey to that second company of damsels, sent forth by *Beelzebub* himself to compass their ruin. Those whom you saw at the entrance of the grove, were the least deformed of their band: had you advanced further, you would have met with *Revelling*, *Drunkennes*, *Irreligion*, *Immorality*, *Contempt-of-parents*, *Pride*, *Contention*, *Sabbath-breaking*, *Adultery*, with many more, whose very names it is irksome to report. Had you formed any fellowship with these, you would immediately have fallen under subjection to the power of their infernal master, nor would any possibility of escape have remained for you, but by climbing up the precipitous rock of *Repentance*, in comparison with which, the ascent of this hill of *Difficulty* is easy and pleasant. Till in the fountains of water which gush forth from its clefts, you had washed away every stain which you had contracted from the *Vices* with whom you had associated; the *Furies*, *Guilt*, *Remorse*, and *Despondence*, would have pursued you with their snaky whips; and even when you had gained the summit, *Ill-habit* would have assailed you, with the intent to hurl you backwards into the abyss below. But greater terrors await those,

those, who either want courage to tread the path of *Repentance*, or who, delighting in the company of the *Vices*, blindly follow whithersoever they lead. As they advance farther in the way of *Danger*. *Extravagance* hurries some into the pitfalls of *Ruin*; while *Gaming* spreads her nets for others, in which, when they find themselves entangled, they madly seize the dagger of *Suicide*. Others, misled by *False-honor*, are suddenly cut off by the murderous hand of *Duelling*; and those who escape these deaths, yet have to encounter *Disease*; a many headed dragon, who opens to devour them his hundred mouths, each dropping a different but mortal poison. The few who survive and reach the town of *Vanity*, are still followed by their never weary persecutor, *Vexation of spirit*; they are eager to escape from him; yet, finding in the part of the town which they have entered, no traces of the road which they had formerly been told led to the *Celestial City*, they are deterred from any attempt to seek for it, by *Evil-conscience*, who whispers to them, that if any such road exists, they will no longer be deemed worthy to walk in it. They therefore gladly follow the guides, whom the prince of that place provides for them: by whom they are led back through bye ways, to the house of Mr. Philosophy, which you passed before you arrived at the Interpreter's; and there *Ignorance* and *Folly* conduct them blindfold into the black temple of *Atheism*, where they remain till the period when they are taken thence, to be reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day. Such are the fates which await those who follow earthly *Pleasures* into forbidden paths; while the voice of *Joy* and *Health* is continually in the dwellings of the righteous; who, using this world, but not abusing it, have alone the promise of true happiness in this life, as well as of everlasting glory in that which is to come."

Good-intent heard this discourse with strong emotions of horror at the dangers which he had escaped, and also of thankfulness to his King, who had appointed him so excellent a guide as *Self-denial*. Instead of

being wearied by the difficulty of the way, he now found it become so easy to him, that he would have been contented to ascend a steeper mountain, for the sake of the benefits which he was sensible he derived from the society of such a companion. When they had proceeded together as far as it was at that time requisite *Self-denial* should accompany him, they parted; and I saw in my dream, that Good-intent went onwards alone, till it was almost dark, when he dimly discerned before him a house, at no great distance; and while he was considering within himself, whether or not it were the house *Beautiful*, at which he meant that night to lodge; the door of it was opened, and a man came forth to meet him, inviting him to enter. Then the pilgrim asked him, whether the house to which he belonged were indeed the same as he supposed it to be.

“Undoubtedly,” said the man; “this is no other than the house *Beautiful*, the habitation of the *Virtues*; and it is my office, as their porter, to admit such guests as are worthy to be entertained by them.”

When Good-intent heard this, he gladly accompanied him towards the house; and as they went along, the pilgrim looked for the lions, which he knew had formerly been kept there. He perceived that there were indeed two animals who lay at no great distance from the portal, one on either side; they did not appear to him so large as any lions which he had elsewhere seen; but he could not by that light distinctly observe their shapes: however, he was careful not to approach them too near, though he concluded that they were asleep, because he did not hear them roar.

When he had entered the porch, he requested the porter to let his mistress know that he was come there to ask for entertainment and lodging, such as he had heard it was the custom of that house to afford to pilgrims: and to prove that he had good claims to the hospitality he sought, he was proceeding to tell of what parentage he came, and how he had entered the way by the *Wicket gate*, according to the rules prescribed for all pilgrims by the King of the country whither he was bound; but the porter interrupted him. “It

"It is indifferent to us," said he, "from what lineage you spring, and in what paths you have walked; we account it sufficient if your soul be possessed with a desire to behold and to love the fair damsels who inhabit this mansion; and, provided your heart beats in sympathetic concord with theirs, you are free to regulate your conduct by whatsoever laws your own natural temperament may lead you to prefer."

"I know," said Good-intent, "that there are some who think works of no avail, provided the faith be right; but I did not expect to find that doctrine professed in this house, in so extensive and dangerous a sense as I understand your words to imply."

With that the porter smiled. "You will be as little questioned here," said he, "about your faith, as about your works. The affections of the heart are all that my mistresses regard: from what principles they spring, or to what actions they impel, we here consider as alike immaterial. Therefore, whether thou be a descendant from Christian, or a disciple of Bramah; whether thou be by profession a robber, an assassin, or a saint—if thy heart glow with a sacred enthusiasm in the cause of the *Moral-virtues*, enter! freely enter their consecrated abode!"

The porter then rang his bell, and a damsel appeared, to whom he gave it in charge to conduct Good-intent to her mistresses. The damsel was fair, and seemed very richly attired; but her dress was so much covered with ornaments, that its true texture could not be discerned. The pilgrim was not much pleased with the discourse of the porter, which, however, he did not very clearly comprehend; but he felt so secure of receiving edification from the instructions of the venerable matrons within, that he did not hesitate to follow her who offered herself as his conductress; to whom, as they passed along, he expressed his impatience to join in the devotions of *Piety*, to receive the lessons of *Prudence*, and to participate in the happiness which the hand of *Charity* diffused around.

When he spoke thus, the damsel who was with him stopped,

stopped, and, looking at him with some surprise, “ You must certainly, Sir,” said she, “ know very little of the present state of things in general, and of this family in particular, if you call my mistresses by such antiquated names.”

“ How !” said Good-intent, “ does this house belong to any other mistresses than those I mentioned ?”

“ O no !” replied the damsel ; “ those ladies are still the owners of the mansion ; only they are now known by more modern and expressive appellations. She, whom you call *Charity*, has assumed the name of *Philanthropy* ; and *Prudence* is dignified by the title of *Mental-energy* : As for their elder sister *Piety*, she, poor gentlewoman ! was always subject to occasional distractions of mind, when the moon was at the full ; and some time since, her judgment became so much weakened, that she ran away from her sisters, and wandered about the country to tabernacles and conventicles ; whereupon her friends, willing to hide her failings from the world, shut her up in a private mad-house. Since then, my mistresses have taken to live with them a younger sister of theirs, named *Sensibility*, a very amiable person, whose merits were formerly little known, because she had the misfortune in her youth to marry *Common sense*, a churl, who misused, and often confined her ; but at last *Mental-energy* found means to free her from the bondage in which he held her, and to bring her hither ; and her husband, after making a few ineffectual attempts to persuade her to return to him, has now ceased to molest her, or even, it is said, to wish for her company.”

Good-intent expressed much astonishment at this recital. “ Since so many alterations,” said he, “ have taken place in a family, where I so little expected to meet with any change, I need no longer think it extraordinary that your porter should be so unlike the description I had heard of him who was called *Watchful*, who formerly lived here ; nor that your appearance should so little resemble that of the damsel, *Discretion* and *Humble-mind*, who received my ancestors so kindly.”

“ Those

“Those three persons died a long while since,” replied she; “the present porter is called *Sentiment*, and my name is *Refinement*; we both came here just about the time when *Piety* eloped.”

As she ended these words, she threw open the doors of a spacious salon, in which her mistresses were sitting. Their employments occasioned new surprise to Good-intent. *Philanthropy* sat in the window with a telescope, looking through the shades of night, (which had now totally overspread the earth) for invisible objects of benevolence, in unknown regions. *Mental-energy* held in her hands a flint and steel, and struck out sparks, which, when her fostering breath had blown them into flame, had power to cause the heart to beat with ten fold violence; while the fumes of the smoke, ascending to the head, occasioned a dizziness of the brain, and a suspension of the reasoning faculties. *Sensibility* lay on a sofa, half bending herself over a young ais's colt, which she tenderly caressed, and bedewed with a copious shower of tears.

The entrance of the pilgrim, however, interrupted their occupations; and they all rose to receive him, though with different demeanors. *Philanthropy* had so much weakened her eyes by the continual use of her telescope, that she was now become unable to discern any but distant objects; advancing, therefore, hastily, to receive the guest, whom *Refinement* announced to her, she ran full against him, not perceiving where he stood, and almost pushed him down: *Mental-energy*, disdaining common forms, took little notice of him: but soft *Sensibility* eagerly threw her arms around the youth, and, gazing on his comely form, forgot her ais's colt, and wept over him.

Good-intent was a little disconcerted by the conduct of each of the sisters; but when he had at last disengaged himself from the unexpected embrace of the younger, he sat down by them, and attempted to converse with them. Their modes of expression were, however, so new to him, that he profited much less from their discourse than he had hoped to do. When
supper

supper was served up, he was glad; for he felt himself in need of some refreshment, after the fatigue of that day's pilgrimage; but, though the banquet appeared very plentiful, yet, when the flowers which had garnished the dishes were removed, he could find no food sufficiently substantial to satisfy his hunger.

However, after the meal was ended, his three hostesses seemed to take more pains than they had done before, to render their conversation intelligible to him; and *Mental-energy*, addressing herself to him, entered into a long harangue against the various prejudices which had so long enslaved the human mind, and the manifold abuses which custom had introduced into the world. It was now time, she asserted, that men should think for themselves; and, instead of respecting any opinion because, forsooth, they had received it from their fathers, they ought to require no other proof of its fallacy, than that persons so credulous and so ignorant had believed it to be true.

She would have expatiated longer on this subject, had not *Sensibility* interrupted her by a fresh shower of tears, which flowed at the recollection of the sufferings of the many hapless victims of those prejudices and customs, against which her sister was declaiming. When her voice could find a passage, she recounted to Good-intent many a doleful tale of sons of *Genius*, whose great and elevated souls had scorned to be confined within the narrow rules of justice; and of daughters of *Tenderness*, who had yielded to the dictates of nature, and of their own amiably susceptible hearts, but who, in consequence, had been branded with obloquy by civilized society; while some of their number, still more unfortunate, had been consigned by the merciless laws of their country, to prisons, banishment, and death.

To divert the melancholy which narratives like these were likely to inspire, *Philanthropy* next took up the discourse, and began to detail her plans for the general felicity of all mankind. Of the present generation she said little; only recommending, as objects of the most particular benevolence, those whom narrow-minded

zealots

zealots reprobated as transgressors of every law divine and human ; but future ages claimed her greatest attention ; and, how difficult soever it might be to judge what the interest and inclinations of men yet unborn might lead them to desire or to shun, she contended that the sacrifice of myriads of the present race, and even the universal temporary substitution of misery for happiness, were eligible means, if through them the most remote possibility of any future contingent good might be attained.

The capacity of Good intent was not sufficiently clear to comprehend the arguments by which she supported her opinions ; and though he laboured to attend, yet, the toils of the day contributing to overpower him, he at last found himself unable to resist the drowsiness which came upon him. Wherefore, taking the opportunity of a pause in her discourse, he requested leave to retire to his chamber ; and his three hostesses consented to his petition, though not without expressing some displeasure at the coldness and want of enthusiasm with which he had heard their discourse.

He did not, however, fall asleep so soon as he had expected ; for when he was alone, the recollection of what had passed occupied his mind, and afforded him much subject for reflection. He considered, that the opinions of *Mental-energy* and of *Philanthropy*, led to many conclusions, no less absurd than dangerous ; and as for the persons whose misfortunes had called forth the tears of *Sensibility*, however their conduct might have been glossed over in her discourse, he did not hesitate to determine, that all the calamities which had befallen them had been the natural consequence and the just reward of their own evil deeds. “ O that *Piety* still dwelt in this house !” said he ; “ for I perceive that, while she is absent, her *Sister-virtues* merit no confidence, let them distinguish themselves by what new names they may.”

Being impatient to quit a society, in which he was much disappointed to find himself so little edified, he resolved to pursue his journey, as soon as he should have obtained

obtained a sight of those rarities which he remembered it had always been the custom of that house to shew unto pilgrims. In the morning, therefore, he told the three sisters that he had understood there were laid up in their possession many curious records; also many famous weapons, wherewith the mighty men of old time had achieved notable exploits; and he signified withal his desire of being admitted to a sight of these. So they readily consented to shew him the room in which all their rarities were kept; but, as they were on their way thither, *Philanthropy* and *Sensibility* informed him that they had discarded from their collection those ancient weapons, concerning which he had enquired, because the uses which had been made of them by their former owners, namely, by Joshua, Sampson, Gideon, and the rest, had been too savage and sanguinary, such as no friend to humanity could reflect on without the most painful sensations; the very idea of war exciting horror in a feeling mind: and every soldier who bore arms in (what he was pleased to style in mockery) the service of his country, deserving to be reprobated by universal nature, as the base tool of barbarous despots, and the hired assassin of his fellow men.

Having received this previous notice, Good-intent was considerably surprised, on entering the room, that the first object on which he cast his eyes, should be a heap of cannon balls and grape shot, and beside it a pile of swords and pikes, dropping with recent blood. He could not forbear asking how ladies of such compassionate dispositions, could have afforded a place in their repository to those instruments of death.

"We honor these," said *Mental-energy*, "as instruments of instruction; and as such, some of our most valued friends have made a glorious use of them, in subverting the prejudices of insatuated nations, who could no otherwise be taught to prefer light to darkness, and emancipation to bondage."

"What light, or what emancipation," cried the pilgrim, "can have been communicated to the persons, whose blood is still reeking on those fatal blades?"

"The

"The sufferings of individuals are of no importance," answered *Mental-energy*, "when put in competition with the universal good of the human species. A mind truly great will rise above the paltry consideration of the destruction of a few quiet, but mean-spirited nations, by fire and sword, if by such means the power of the guardians of *Liberty* can be extended."

Now Good-intent, during this time, had fixed his eyes on an engine which was new to him. In its form it resembled an axe; but it was suspended by ropes, within a wooden frame; and he asked his conductresses for what use it was intended.

"That," said *Philanthropy*, "is an instrument dear to humanity; for by it more than a million of the enemies of the human race have been swept from the earth."

"What enemies?" laid the pilgrim; "Is it designed as a gin for the destruction of wolves or of serpents?"

"Of monsters more detestable than either," replied *Philanthropy*; "of despots and their minions."

While she spoke, Good-intent looked into a basket which stood behind the axe; and behold! it was full of human heads. "What do I see?" cried he; "do you who call yourselves the friends of humanity, authorise such a slaughter as this? I perceive the heads of men, of women, nay, of children; where shall we seek for the enemies of the human species, if not among those who have perpetrated this execrable massacre?"

"In giving my sanction to it," said *Philanthropy*, "I consider not the present race of men, which might probably have enjoyed greater tranquillity, had the ancient order of things been suffered to continue; but my enlarged view comprehends, at one glance, all future ages. The human species, thus purged of its dross, will gradually refine itself, till it shall have attained universal perfection; and when no trace even of the posterity of the foes of *Liberty* shall be left upon the earth, her friends will feast undisturbed on the fruits of her glorious tree, which can flourish in no soil, where its roots are not moistened with the blood of traitors."

Good-intent now returned from *Philanthropy* with

horror ; and, observing a bottle placed on a shelf above, he demanded of *Sensibility* what were its contents.

“ The tears of captive princes, and their orphan children,” replied she. “ Doubtless,” said he, “ your own, which flow so freely, are mixed with him.” “ O no !” said she ; “ during the filling of that bottle, I was engaged as chief mourner at the funeral of an assassin ; and all my tears were shed for him.”

Now I saw in my dream, that the pilgrim was filled with great amazement ; and he cast in his mind who these persons should be, whose natures agreed so ill with the excellent names they bore. So he bethought himself of his book, which had ever been his faithful counsellor in times of need ; but, as he drew it out of his bosom, they who stood by mocked at him ; and *Mental-energy* assured him that it was unfit to engage the attention of a wise man ; *Philanthropy* asserted that all the miseries of mankind had originated in the doctrines which it contained ; and *Sensibility* recoiled with horror from the punishments which it denounced against suffering guilt. Nevertheless, Good-intent grasped the book firmly, not heeding their idle clamors ; and, when he had opened it, he found written therein, “ Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree evil fruit ; wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.”

Then he said to himself, “ When I behold the fruits which these bring forth, can I possibly hesitate to believe that their root is a root of deceit, and of all ungodliness ?” So he put the book into his bosom, and turned himself about to depart. But they, not willing so to lose him, sought to detain him, and asked him whither he was going.

“ I am going,” said he, “ to obey the commands of my Heavenly Father, who hath warned me to flee from all who despise his covenant, and rebel against his laws ; and if to an earthly parent, obedience be an inviolable duty —

“ An inviolable duty !” said *Mental-energy*, with a scornful smile ; “ it was indeed imagined such in the ages of darkness ; but so grievous an obstacle to the natural rights of free-born infants, it was one of our first achievements to overthrow.”

“ What !”

“What!” said Good-intent, “would you teach a child that he owes no gratitude?”—

“Gratitude is an unpardonable weakness in the bosom of a wise man,” returned *Mental energy*; “we hold it to be no part either of justice or of virtue; and an enlarged mind will scorn to narrow itself to the sense of any personal benefit which an individual may have conferred.”

Good-intent was still more astonished at this maxim, than he had been at any of those which had preceded it; and indignantly replied, “It would be losing time to demonstrate the absurdity of your doctrines, while the heart of every man, to whom nature hath not denied the common feelings of humanity, must revolt at the consequences necessarily deducible from them. Heaven grant to me, that I may never receive any benefit from the meanest of my fellow-creatures, without a due and thankful sense of the obligation under which it lays me; while I constantly cherish, as the noblest principle of my conduct, that boundless gratitude which I owe to Him, of whom my life, and all the blessings which endear it to me, are the gifts, and from whose future bounty his own gracious word encourages me to hope for that more excellent recompense of reward, which he has promised to all those who faithfully keep his statutes unto the end.”

“And does thy mercenary spirit,” said *Mental-energy*, “require the hope of recompense as an incentive to virtue? Learn, rather, from us, the more dignified sentiment, that virtue is its own reward; and, instead of travelling through desolate regions in search of a country, which, certain friends of ours can afford thee sufficient proof, exists only in thy own imagination, be content to remain with us, the representatives of *Virtue* upon earth. Our instructions shall gradually disengage thy soul from the hideous bonds of prejudice, and elevate it to those liberal principles, by which the heart is refined, and the energy of the mind increased; and as a tender relaxation from severer studies, behold our sister *Sensibility*, who, from thy first entrance, has regarded thee

thee with the eyes of affection, and who pants to form with thee that sympathy of souls, which is pointed out by reason and by nature, as affording the fairest prospect of human happiness."

While *Mental-energy* was speaking thus, the countenance and gestures of *Sensibility*, expressed her acquiescence in the proposal. At first, she looked passionately at the pilgrim, and sighed, and wept, and smiled; and when her sister had ended, and he stood astonished, and hesitating what to reply, she suddenly sprang forwards, and threw herself into his arms.

Good-intent, displeased and disgusted, shook off her embrace as soon as he was able. "I pray you, madam," said he, "recollect yourself a little; I had been told that you were the wife of another man."

"And if I am," said she, "my conduct is not the less reconcileable to the strictest rectitude. I experienced, in my former connexion, the absurdity of expecting that the inclinations and wishes of two human beings should coincide through any long period of time; but though my tyrant may imagine that the few vain ceremonies, which passed between us, have indissolubly bound me to him for the whole of my wretched life, what natural right can he plead to shackle my free soul, or to condemn my person to that visionary state of cold celibacy which *Nature* herself abhors? If, therefore, my heart no longer acknowledges any sympathy with his, wherefore may it not be both practicable and eligible for me to offer it to another, in whose reciprocation of kindness it may find some indemnification for its former unmerited sufferings?"

"Undoubtedly," said *Philanthropy*, "our sister is in the right. All things are lawful, when taken in their proper connexion; and *Nature* has implanted no desires, of which it is not our primary duty to seek the gratification. Since, therefore, happiness is the ultimate end which that unerring guide impels us to pursue, no friend to reason, humanity, and toleration, can censure those who seek to attain that end, by the use of any means which may appear to themselves the best calculated to ensure their success."

"There

“ There could exist no degree of atrocity,” said Good-intent, “ of which the perpetration might not be justified, if arguments like these could justify it ; but happily, their futility is as evident, as their tendency is pernicious. Wherefore, away from me, ye wicked ! I will keep the commandments of my God ! ”

And so saying, he hastened out of the house, giving no other heed to all their vain discourses ; neither had they power to detain him against his will, though they made him many fair promises, that, if he must needs proceed upon his journey, they would show him a better road, and conduct him to a pleasanter valley than the valley of *Humiliation*, through which he meant to pass.

Now I saw in my dream, that, as he went out of the house, he observed it more particularly than he had been able to do at the late hour at which he had entered it the night before, and behold ! the walls were not built of brick or stone, or of any other such common and durable materials, but altogether of books, piled in order one on another, without any apparent cement, so that the whole edifice was shaken by every blast from heaven which blew against it. When the pilgrim perceived this, he made the more haste, lest it should presently fall, and crush those who stood nigh in its ruins ; and passing by the two beasts, which at night he had taken for lions, he now saw that they were only apes, which sat on the opposite sides of the porch, and grinned and chattered at him as he passed along.

So when he had gotten out of their reach, he stopped to look about him, and he perceived that he had not yet, as he had supposed, attained the highest summit of the hill *Difficulty* ; for a rocky ascent still remained for him to climb ; on the top of which he descried a house, built all of hewn stone, and of the most admirable architecture ; but he observed such a resemblance between it and the other which stood on the sandy ground below it, that he immediately concluded it to have been the model, in imitation whereof that which he had just quitted had been erected.

Then he reasoned within himself, saying, “ I have surely

surely been deceived; the frail edifice which I have left behind me, and which seems built but to last for a day, can never be the house at which my ancestors were entertained so long ago, and which, in their time, it was well known had stood for ages. This, rather, which I see above me, must be it; and, doubtless, on my arrival there, I shall learn who those impostors are who have sought to mislead me."

So he hastened to climb up the rock, supporting his steps with the trusty staff which had been given to him by *Self-denial*; and as he again experienced its use, he congratulated himself on the care with which he had preserved it; remembering that *Sensibility*, as she embraced him, had made several attempts to draw it out of his hand. When he had reached the top, he beheld the two lions; but they were chained, and made no effort to molest him as he joyfully passed between them, and rang the bell at the gate which was presently opened unto him by the ancient porter *Watchful*.

While the pilgrim was speaking with him, the three virgins, who were called *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity*, and who had never relinquished those venerable names, themselves came forth from an inner chamber, and received their guest with words of kindness; and *Piety* said unto him, "Welcome, young man, welcome to our dwelling! Thou hast neither been so foolish as to be deluded by the pretences of those who falsely call themselves the *Moral-virtues*, nor so wicked as to delight in the deeds which they vainly sanction. Thou art therefore worthy to be admitted into the habitation of the *Christian-virtues*; with whom none dwell but such as do sincerely believe and faithfully practise all the words which are written in the book of life, which thou bearest in thy hand, and by which thou hast been taught to eschew falsehood, and to seek truth."

Then Good-intent bowed himself before the damsels, and rejoiced that he had at last been so fortunate as to find them; especially he was glad to behold her, concerning whom her enemies had reported such calumnies; even *Piety*, who was the eldest of the sisters, and
for

for whom the other two, who leaned on her on either side, seemed in every look and gesture to express their veneration and regard. Good-intent beheld with awe her faintly countenance; while the sober, but not austere looks of *Prudence* engaged his confidence, and the benignant smile and dove-like eye of *Charity*, filled his whole soul with peace, joy, and holy love.

When they had led him into their guest-chamber, they questioned him concerning his pilgrimage; so he told them all that had hitherto befallen him therein; and when he had ended the account of his last adventure, "It is well for you," said *Prudence*, "that you have so well learnt from that book, where alone true wisdom is to be found, to disregard specious words, and to reject false principles, viewing with abhorrence, the unrighteous deeds which spring from them."

"There are but too many," said *Charity*, "even among those who are the best disposed to love us, and to receive our precepts within their hearts, who, misled by the arts of the impostors, who assume our characters, even while they affect to despise our names, have been filled by their pernicious counsels with all unrighteousness; becoming haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful; and though out of their own mouths, they might be condemned, seeing that the words of peace are even on their lips, yet, 'ever as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge,' He has given 'them over to a reprobate mind;' so that those same things, for which they account others most inexcusable, they do themselves commit without remorse."

"I pray you," said Good-intent, "who are these deceivers? And how long have they dwelt in these parts?"

"They spring," said *Prudence*, "from an evil race; and you will not wonder at their eagerness to seduce pilgrims from the right road, when I tell you that they are the daughters of Mr. Philosophy, with whom you met in the former part of your journey, to the great endangering

dangering of your safety ; and who, being himself occupied in confusing the heads of pilgrims, has sent forth these, a progeny, worthy of such a father, to seduce their hearts. When they first came into this country, they offered themselves to us, with great seeming humility, as our servants ; and we, being pleased with their appearance and fair speeches, were contented to receive them as such ; and for a while they behaved themselves to our liking ; but it was not long before they began to shew themselves in their proper colours. For my sister *Charity*, indeed, they constantly expressed extraordinary respect ; praising her upon all occasions, and even seeking to exalt her, by disparaging all her nearest kindred ; yet even to her they paid no obedience ; and frequently she found that they had busied themselves in demolishing the works which she had ordered them to assist in completing. As for me, they came little in my way, being desirous, if it were possible, wholly to escape my observation ; but to my sister *Piety* they daily offered the most unprovoked and offensive insults. I believe, indeed, that their plan was to incite her to quit us, as they have since thought proper to assert she has done ; for they even then had the assurance to raise calumnies against her, and used their utmost endeavours to excite some dissension betwixt her and *Charity* ; but a friendship so indissoluble as theirs, was proof against all such wiles ; and the attempt was even fortunate ; since it unveiled the designs of these impostors to the eyes of *Charity*, who would not otherwise have been so soon induced to retract her favorable opinion of them ; and she acquiesced in my counsels, that they should be expelled from among us. During the time that they had been with us, however, they had acquired a facility in imitating our manners, and had learnt to repeat by rote many of our sayings ; and thus qualified, they formed the scheme to personate us, that so they might inveigle out of the right way such pilgrims as came with the design to take up their lodging with us. In this enterprise, they were chiefly assisted by him who accosted you in the character of their porter, and who is called *Sentiment*.

He

He was the architect who erected their house, which, as you might observe, is built in imitation of ours; though the difference of the materials prevents any great resemblance between them. Their edifice, indeed, being framed of such perishable substance, would not have stood till now, were not its inhabitants continually employed in repairing its walls; so that as, through time and stress of weather, one row of books decays and moulders away, the place is immediately filled up with a double quantity of new ones, with which they are continually supplied from a manufactory, which, under the direction of their father, Mr. Philosophy, they have established in the neighbourhood. Since they have resided in this their new habitation, their arts have been but too successful; and especially, they 'lead captive many silly women, laden with sins, and led away with divers lusts,' who, though they are ever imagining they learn, are yet 'never able to come at the knowledge of the truth.' For, as Mr. Philosophy's house is chiefly frequented by men, so is this of his daughters most commonly visited by women. Nevertheless, at both, guests of either sex are equally welcome; and while the male pupils of these deceivers are taught, when their hands are enbrued in murder, to affect in their conversation the most effeminate expressions of tenderness and morbid sensibility, their female disciples learn to consider as the disgrace of womanhood, what has hitherto been its most invaluable privilege, even its modesty; and casting off, with that, 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' wherewith, 'in the old time, the holy women who trusted in God, adorned themselves,' they think that they sufficiently establish their claim to equality with men; while they rival even the most reprobate among them, no less in ferocity than in voluptuousness."

"I could not but observe," said Good-intent, "that the language which was held to me in the house which I have just quitted, bore a strong resemblance to that which I heard in Mr. Philosophy's palace."

"The office which he chiefly entrusts to these his daughters," resumed Prudence, "is that of reconciling

to the most atrocious deeds the minds of those who still respect the name of *Virtue*, by amusing them with empty and delusive sounds; and as soon as any man has learnt after their example, to call evil good, and good evil, he is then sufficiently prepared to join Mr. Philosophy's great army, of which you saw the first frantic troop set out from his palace, and take the road which led to the mountain of *Revolution*. Had you, therefore, hearkened to their enticements, they would have led you down into the valley, which lies between that mountain and the hill of *Difficulty*, which was the same that they extolled to you, as so far preferable to the valley of *Humiliation*; and there would you have found yourself surrounded by the votaries of *Atheism* and *Anarchy*, from whom you had lately fled; insomuch that, unable a second time to escape, you would have been borne along by the crowd, and even compelled to become such an one as themselves. But our house stands so high, that, from my apartment, we have a view of all the country round; so that you may, if you please, look out, and behold the progress of these enemies of your King."

Then Good-intent gladly followed her, and she led him to a window, from which he had a full prospect of the mountain of *Revolution*, with its precipitous sides, and its frowning brow. And behold! Mr. Philosophy's troops had now gained the summit, and were exulting in their success with shouts of triumph. The eyes of the pilgrim sought among their ranks for his old companions, but he could not discern them all; for Mr. *Inconsiderate*, finding the mountain steeper than he liked, had not chosen to attempt the ascent; but, not knowing his way back to the road he had quitted, he had lost himself, and perished miserably: Mr. *Party-spirit* had followed his friends into a quagmire; where, though they had soon got out of it, he had stuck fast in the deep mud, and had found none who would give him any help: Mr. *Curiosity*, venturing too near the edge of a precipice, to take a view of the valley below, had fallen over, and had been dashed to pieces: and Mr. *Hate-controul* had been slain by the hand of

Mr.

Mr. Hothead, who was offended that he boasted of having as good a right as himself to choose in what path he would walk. Many others of those who had set out with them from the palace of Mr. Philosophy, had also perished by different casualties; and at the head of all who still survived, there now marched the men with the fierce countenances, who wore the daggers in their girdles. Then Good-intent inquired of *Prudence* who those men were; for from the first he had felt a desire to know somewhat more particularly about them.

"Those," said she, "are not, like the rest, the disciples or the vassals of Mr. Philosophy. They are a band of *Blood-men*; the countrymen of those who, in former times, composed the chief strength of the army of *Diabolus*, in his wars against King *Shaddai*. Remembering the prowess which they then displayed in battle, Mr. Philosophy has formed an alliance with their nation: but they concern not themselves, like the rest of those men whom you saw in his palace, with his opinions, neither are their minds perverted by his sophistical arguments; to them it were unnecessary to clothe evil in the garb of goodness; for they love and desire evil for its own sake; and it is because they have discovered in Mr. Philosophy the irreconcilable enemy of justice and of holiness, that they have so readily joined his forces, and are content to march under his banners. It is true, that at first, lest their appearance on his side should too much counteract the arts with which he sought to hide his purposes from the world, they hid their faces, and suffered others of his followers to imagine themselves the leaders of his army; but now that they have reached the summit of this mountain, they no longer think dissimulation necessary, but openly avow themselves, and terrify into subjection even those, who, at the beginning, would have been the least disposed to form any league of amity with them. The name of him who marches at the head of this terrible band is *Jacobinism*, and in him is vested the supreme command; those whom he has appointed to be his principal captains, are *Rapine*, *Perfidy*, *Ex-*
tortion,

tortion, Oppression, Treason, Sacrilege, and Murder. Henceforward, though, when it may suit their purposes, they will continue to use the name of Mr. Philosophy; you will perceive that they will submit to no controul, even from his authority; and that they will continue in alliance with him from no other motive, than that all the most atrocious of their deeds may find in him a most unwearied panegyrist and advocate. But the whole company is now about to descend into the valley, whither your late hostesses would have conducted you. It is called the valley of *Equality*. Observe how steep and dangerous is the path which leads down to it from the mountain of *Revolution*; insomuch, that those who attempt the descent are obliged to throw away all the baggage they have hitherto carried with them; nay, even to strip off the best part of their clothes, lest, being laden with any weight or incumbrance, they should be the more liable to fall. Then Good-intent beheld all those who had money, or any other kind of provision for their future wants on their journey, throw it from them; some were constrained to lay aside their gorgeous robes; Mr. *Love-change* cast away his coronet; and the like did many others; nay, some who wore crowns, though themselves unwilling to resign them, could not prevent others of the company, in which they had travelled so far, from taking them off their heads, and throwing them down the precipice. Thus lightened, they all began to descend; but Mr. *Hothead*, going too hastily, soon fell, and broke his neck; many of the rest also, either slipped, or were pushed down by others; and I saw not that any of those who fell, ever rose up again. When they had reached the foot of the mountain, Mr. *Love-change* was suddenly swallowed up in the swamp of *False-accusation*, into which he was led by *Perfidy*, at the instigation of *Rapine*; and I observed that all who had worn coronets or costly robes, met with a fate similar to his. As for Mr. *Credulity*, and some others who walked with him, a phantom, called *Fraternity*, met them at the entrance of the valley, and, making a semblance to embrace them,

them, stifled them in his arms. Of those who had once been the companions of Good-intent, Mr. *Discontent* therefore now only survived: he still followed *Jacobinism* and his troop with a sullen pace; and, as I afterwards learned, he continued to follow them through every different region into which they entered, even to the end of their appointed course; nor, though they would often gladly have been rid of such an associate, could they ever find means to persuade him to turn back, or to drive him from their company.

The miserable end of so many of the original followers of Mr. *Philosophy*, seemed to afford to the *Blood-men* a cause for rejoicing. They employed themselves with eagerness in gathering up the precious things, which, having been cast away at the top of the mountain, had rolled down its sides into the valley; and while they were thus occupied, many quarrels arose among them for the treasures they had found; so they strove with each other, and many who had collected the richest spoils, were slain by their fellows, envious of their good fortune. But at last their contentions ceased for a time; and they all went forwards together, and soon were out of sight.

Then Good-intent, addressing himself again to *Prudence*, "At least there is hope," said he, "that the evils which have been brought upon the earth by this band of ruffians, will not be of long continuance; for if they thus madly rush on every danger, and are besides so ill disposed towards each other, that on the slightest grounds they shed the blood of their fellows, their force must quickly perish, and the very memorial of them be swept away from the earth."

"I am not surpris'd," said *Prudence*, "that you entertain such a hope; but you do not consider the continual reinforcements which this army receives. Mr. *Philosophy* is ever at work in enticing unwary travellers to enlist under his standard; the nation of the *Blood-men* is, moreover, very numerous; and large companies are even now on their road, from all parts of it, to join their countrymen; and besides all this, in every land
through

through which the army passes, they oblige the natives thereof to take up arms and follow them; alluring some with the prospect of sharing in the plunder of their neighbours; and, by stripes and ill usage, compelling those who cannot be persuaded, to forsake their homes, and assist, however unwillingly, in spreading desolation over the whole habitable surface of the globe. When you reach the town of *Vanity*, you will again fall in with them; but, in the mean while, you shall for a time take up your abode with us, as it has been the custom of your family to do, whenever any of them have passed this way. Our instructions shall fortify your mind against the deceits of future impostors; and, at your departure, we will arm you in the armour of light, wherewith your ancestor Christian was clad, that so you may be enabled to withstand all such assailants as shall hereafter seek to molest you, during the remaining part of your pilgrimage."

So I saw in my dream, that Good intent was well pleased with the proposal, and that he continued many days at the house of *Beautiful*; where he became too well acquainted with the true character and excellency of the *Christian-virtues*, to be in any danger of again suffering himself to be imposed on by their counterfeits.

Moreover, they took great pains in instructing him; and *Piety* taught him to love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his mind; to purify himself even as He is pure; to do heartily whatsoever he did, as to the Lord, and not unto men; not being conformed to this world, but being transformed by the renewing of his mind, that he might prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God; holding fast the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience; and desiring nothing in comparison of the glory that shall be revealed, when the Lord cometh with thousands of his saints, to judge the world in righteousness.

When she had thus trained him in the first and great commandment of the law, *Charity* taught him the second, which was like unto it; even that he should love

his

his neighbour as himself. But she exhorted him not to love in word, neither in tongue, after the manner of false pretenders to philanthropy, but in deed, and in truth; not saying to the naked and the hungry, "Depart in peace, be you warmed and filled," but giving them those things, whereof they stand in need. And while she persuaded him, as he had opportunity, to do good unto all men, she taught him that those of the household of faith were more particularly to be considered as entitled to his beneficence; seeing that it is fitting that the members of that body, whereof Christ is the head, should have care one for another. She charged him also to learn first to shew kindness at home; since, if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. Moreover, she taught him that he would exercise more true compassion towards those whose reprobate minds receive not the knowledge of the truth, by converting one sinner from the error of his ways, than by crying "Peace! peace!" to all to whom there was no peace; vainly striving with the strength of man, to reverse the irrevocable judgments of God, which stand fixed as the great mountains for ever, and shall manifestly appear to all men, at the last day, to have been founded in truth and righteousness. And to every work of love, she exhorted her disciple, in the name of Him who gave even his life for us miserable sinners, and who hath promised to reward the kindnesses which have been shewn unto the least of his brethren upon earth, as if they had been done unto himself.

Now, that he might be the more readily disposed to attend to the instructions of *Piety* and *Charity*, *Prudence* taught him that the fear of the Lord is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding; that the precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; that the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; that those who keep his precepts have more understanding than the ancients, and ensure to themselves a glorious inheritance, eternal in the heavens. She exhorted him,

him, therefore, that, avoiding all oppositions of science, falsely so called, with that worldly wisdom which is earthly, sensual, devilish, where envying and strife is, with confusion and every evil work; he should seek the wisdom that is from above; which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, full of mercy and good fruits; which cometh down from the Father of Lights, and therefore, like himself, hath no variableness; and which, if any man ask, in faith, of God, it shall be given him.

Now I saw in my dream, that Good-intent received with joy the words of these three wise virgins, and was not a forgetful hearer of those doctrines of his Lord, which they thus declared unto him, but strove daily to become more zealously a doer of the same. So when the time drew near that he should proceed further on his journey, they led him into the armoury of their King, whereof they are entrusted with the charge, and there they clad him in the armour of proof, such as had been given to Christian, his ancestor, and to all others of his family in succeeding generations, who had arrived at that house in the course of their pilgrimage. Moreover they shewed him all their records, and other rare and profitable things which it was their custom to shew unto pilgrims; and when they had done this, they had further the kindness to walk forward with him a little way on his journey; lest, while his mind was occupied with the exceeding great value of his late acquirements, he should take the road which led to the tower of *Spiritual-pride*, instead of that which descended into the valley of *Humiliation*, through which lay the only way to the *Celestial City*.

So I saw that, being heedful to his steps, as they admonished him to be, he went down the hill without making any slip, which might have given the soul fiend *Apollyon* an advantage over him; and as he went along, in talk with his companions, they warned him to be continually careful lest he should be again deceived by any of those who assumed their name or likeness, for the purpose of leading pilgrims astray. "For," said they, "there are many other impostors, besides those you have

have already seen, who have recourse to that artifice, and thereby mislead the most zealous of our pupils."

"I flatter myself," said Good-intent, "that I have now lived too long in your house, and have acquainted myself too perfectly with your features, to be henceforward liable to any impositions of that nature."

"Be not too confident," said *Prudence*; "for, if *Satan* himself be sometimes transformed into an angel of light, it is therefore no great thing if his ministers be also transformed as the ministers of righteousness."

"But can you not give me some certain rule," said he, "whereby I may be enabled to detect such deceivers?"

"There is no rule," said *Prudence*, "by which we may at all times be more certainly distinguished from those who would pass for us, than by the harmony which constantly and indissolubly subsists between us. Each of us has separately many counterfeits; but, while we uniformly agree together in one mind, those counterfeits are ever at variance with each other. Thus, for example, my name and office are sometimes assumed by *Avarice*, and sometimes by *Simulation*; but *Avarice* betrays herself by the hatred which she cannot conceal against my sister *Charity*, from whom she flies as from a robber who would spoil her of her goods; while *Simulation* may be known by her refusal to listen to the voice of *Piety*, who vainly attempts to recall her from the crooked paths, in which she leads her followers to their destruction."

"You may also find me personated in the world," said *Charity*, "by two no less dangerous deceivers. *Ospretation* and *Profusion*, both desire to be taken for me; but *Profusion* openly expresses her contempt of *Prudence*; and *Ospretation*, desirous only to be seen by men, has no fellowship with *Piety*, who would teach her to approve herself to God."

"And in like manner," said *Piety*, "is my character often usurped by *Hypocrisy*, who can imitate my voice, and the fashion of my garments; but urge her to prove by any action her kindred with *Charity*, and she will

stand self-detected before you ; whilst if you meet *Fanaticism* assuming my likeness, and address her in the name of *Prudence*, she will arrogantly profess unto you that she never knew her. Remember, therefore, that we always are consistent with ourselves, with each other, and with the immutable law of our King ; and that, wheresoever you find inconsistency, you have good reason to conclude that no *Christian-virtue* truly dwells."

So, after some more profitable discourse, I saw in my dream, that *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, thought it time to return to their own dwelling ; so they bade the pilgrim farewell, and he went forwards on his way, thro' the midst of the valley of *Humiliation*, in which, as I judged from his countenance, he took great delight. And I observed that it bore no resemblance to the valley of *Equality*, though it seemed to be on the same level ; for the valley of *Equality*, was full of dangerous pitfalls, was visited by continual storms, and was strewed with the bones of those who in former ages had perished therein ; whereas this of *Humiliation* was safe and pleasant to all pilgrims, who knew rightly how to descend the hill which led to it ; and the sweet airs of heaven did perpetually visit it, and refresh with their kind influence, the spirits of those who were passing through it.

Only I saw that when Good-intent had reached the lowest part of it, he was somewhat troubled, by suddenly hearing on each side voices, which pronounced his name, and derided his labours : so he looked to see who were the mockers, of whose vain mirth he was thus the subject ; and behold ! on the right hand, on a rising ground, which overlooked his path, he descried some of those who had followed the train of the Lady *Fashion*, and among them his former companion *Light-mind*, with *Laughter* and *Folly* ; and on the left hand, on a similar height, some of Mr. Philosophy's troop, among whom he distinguished his ancient enemy, *Ridicule* by name : and these two parties, though on other points they agreed not, yet happening at the same time, from their respective paths, to obtain a sight of the pilgrim, and being equally offended that he had refused to quit his road

road for theirs, they vied with each other in thus laughing him to scorn. For a few moments, Good-intent was vexed at their idle scoffs; but soon recollecting that they might more justly be the object of his compassion, than he of their raillery, he walked on his way without regarding them, and was soon out of their sight.

But by degrees his road became more gloomy, as he drew near to that horrible valley, the valley of the *Shadow of Death*. When he first descried, though yet at a distance, the smoke of the pit, his heart sunk within him; and when he became able to distinguish the groans and fearful cries of those who dwelt therein, he trembled exceedingly, and was ready to turn back thro' fear; but remembering that he must necessarily pass through that valley and *Shadow of Death*, before he could hope to arrive at the *Celestial City*, his courage revived, and he felt himself able to encounter every terror, thro' Him who strengtheneth his fainting servants.

So he quickened his pace, and soon entering the valley, he proceeded along the narrow path, on the one side of which the ditch lieth, and on the other the quagmire. And now I beheld that his strength was brought very low, and that the dragons of the deep, exulting in his weakness, rushed forth upon him, and sought by violence to prevail against him; but he covered himself with the shield of *Faith*, which had been given unto him out of the armoury of his King, and did also for a while make a manful use of his sword, the edge of which they durst not encounter. But in a short time, the noisome air which surrounded him, and of which it is the ordinary nature to mingle itself with every latent poison which lurks in the blood of those who breathe it, had so pernicious an effect on him, that it caused the stings of those venomous creatures, which had fastened on him in the palace of Mr. Philosophy, to enflame afresh; and tho' he had supposed them long since healed, yet he now felt them more painful than even at the moment when he had first received them. A mist soon spread itself before his eyes, so that he could not discern the way before him; and by degrees

degrees his arm swelled, and lost its strength; insomuch that, unable to support the weight of his shield, he could no longer cover himself with it, but was obliged to drag it behind him, as an useless burden, upon the ground. The fiends, who before had retreated, when they spied their advantage, closed with him; and, while some grasped his shield, expecting to be able quickly to wrench it from him, others from behind, the more to distract him, did whisper in his ear all the blasphemies which he had formerly heard uttered by Mr. Philosophy and his retainers.

But while I was looking every moment for his overthrow, behold! he suddenly recollected how, when his forefather Christian had the same enemies to contend withal, and had been even so far reduced as to mistake their whisperings for the evil imaginations of his own heart, he had recourse to another weapon called *All-prayer*, and had been delivered. Then Good-invent immediately availed himself of that example; and as he cried with great fervency unto Him, to whom the prince of the power of the air, with all his host of evil ones, is subject, his adversaries were compelled to give back; and from a bright cloud which passed over his head, a few drops of crystal dew were sprinkled on him, which, partaking of the nature of the waters of the well of *Truth*, did forthwith remove the intolerable anguish of the stings, and restore to his arm its former strength; so that he became able, as at the first, to raise the shield of *Faith*. Secure beneath its ample orb, he walked onwards rejoicing; and even the smoke and stench of the pit had no longer power to annoy him, neither did any of the dragons and hobgoblins thereof dare any more to approach him. And I saw that he went on with equal safety through that other part of the valley, which is full of snares and pitfalls; remembering the counsels of *Prudence*, who had instructed him that he who walketh uprightly walketh surely.

So at last he came to the cave, in which the two giants *Pagan* and *Pope* had formerly dwelt, to the great molestation of the pilgrims who travelled that way; but

when

when Christian had passed by, he had found *Pagan* dead, and *Pope* decrepid with age. Good-intent, remembering this, had not expected to find there any enemy, who should have power to offer him offence; but behold! he now descried in the mouth of the cave a third giant, more horrible than the former two, who was called *Infidel*; and, just as the pilgrim came up, this miscreant had thrown a dart at the old and feeble *Pope*, who, unable to defend himself against his young and vigorous foe, had fallen down, to all appearance slain; yet, as Good-intent drew nearer, he could discern that there were still in him some faint signs of life; inasmuch, that it appeared uncertain whether the wound were mortal.

Infidel, however, proud of his easy victory, turned to the remains of *Pagan*, whose carcass now, thro' length of time, was reduced altogether to a skeleton. Nevertheless, the grim giant raised it from the ground, and employed one named *Allegory* to cast around it an embroidered vest, that so its ghastliness and deformity might be concealed; and this he did, with the intent to call that fleshless and spiritless body by the name of *Mythological-wisdom*; and to force all such as became his captives in baule to fall down and worship it. Now the embroidered vest had been woven by the pupils of Mr. Philosophy.

The ground before the mouth of the cave was already strewn with the dead bodies of the pilgrims, whom this third and most cruel giant had slain, because of their adherence to the way in which their fathers had walked; and when he saw Good-intent passing by, he seized his darts, dipped in deadly poison, and cast one of them at him; but the youth feared him not, because he knew himself to be clad in armour of proof; so he covered himself with his shield, and the dart fell harmless on the ground.

Then *Infidel* raged, and spake many words of reproach and blasphemy; and issuing forth from the cave, he rushed upon the pilgrim, with his mace of *Violence*, expecting, assuredly, to have slain him outright; but, behold!

behold! a sudden and mighty whirlwind arose, before the force of which the giant was scarcely able to stand; and while he reached forth his hands to catch at any thing which might save him from falling, his weapon, which he no longer firmly grasped, was caught by the tempest, and blown away quite out of his sight. So he stood for a moment dismayed; and when his pride returned to him, and he would have sought other weapons for the assault, he perceived that the pilgrim had already passed too far on his way to be overtaken by him. Then he returned to his cave, disappointed of his prey; and Good-intent proceeded on his journey, full of thankfulness for the signal deliverance which had been afforded him.

So I beheld, that he went on, till he came to a hill, from which he had a view of the town of *Vanity*, and perceived that he drew very nigh unto it. Now, while he stood still for a moment, to look about him, he was accosted by a very fair spoken gentleman, who made him many professions of extraordinary kindness. "And since," said the stranger, "you, Sir, appear to be travelling, as well as myself, to the town which lies yonder before us, we will, if you please, walk forward together."

"I thank you for your offer, Sir," said Good-intent; "are you, I pray, a native of the town towards which we are going?"

"You must pardon me, Sir," returned his new companion, "if I question the propriety and the reasonableness of your inquiry. It ought to be enough for us to know that we are inhabitants of the same planet; for since the divisions of empires and the boundaries of provinces are arbitrarily imposed, and continually subject to be changed, by the ever-varying caprice of man, of what avail can it be to any individual to ask in what village, or even in what hemisphere, himself or his fellow first chanced to draw breath? Are we not all equally citizens of that great city, the world?"

"You address me, Sir," said Good-intent, "with the air of one who imagines he communicates an important discovery, first made by his own superior wisdom.

Yet

Yet the very doubt which you express of the reasonableness of my question affords me a sufficient proof that you have never yourself considered how much it may imply. By inquiring of what country you were a native, I meant not to ask for geographical definitions; but I expected to learn by your answer whether you belonged to a civilized or a barbarous community; whether I might hope to find your opinions, religious and political, agreeing with those in which I myself was educated? And though, had I found you a native of realms the most remote from mine, I should still have felt myself bounden to you by that tie of universal love, which our great Master is willing should subsist between all his creatures; yet I should with pleasure have avowed a nearer connexion with you, had you declared yourself a member of some nation united with my own, by any obligations of ancient amity, or any now existing league of mutual advantage; and had I discovered in you a fellow-countryman, I should still more gladly have greeted you, and should have rejoiced to have had for my companion, in this my pilgrimage to the regions of eternity, one who had a common interest with myself in every thing which in the present world I hold most dear."

Then the stranger, whose name was Mr. *Cosmopolitan*, mocked at the words of Good-intent; and used many arguments to convince him of his folly in preferring his own country to the other regions of the world; seeing that it was formed but of earth and water, as they were, and was inferior to many among them in pleasantness and fertility.

"Were it even less pleasant and less fertile than you represent it," said Good-intent; "I am willing to hope that my attachment to it would not be on that account the weaker. Wherefore do not all men covet alike to dwell in those few and narrow districts of our world, where the seasons are most temperate, and where the choicest of the fruits of the earth rise spontaneously to perfection? And wherefore, from this cause, does not universal warfare continually subsist among us? Wherefore,

fore, but because Providence has graciously implanted in the breast of every individual, not corrupted by vain sophistry, that attachment to the soil which gave him birth, which renders him contented with the lot which has fallen to him, and induces him to consider even the barren rock as a goodly heritage, if he can dwell thereon with those of his own kindred, and of his father's house."

"By what I perceive," said Mr. *Cosmopolitan*, "you prefer the direction of instinct to that of reason. You will not, however, I hope, be so misjudging as to refuse, for the sake of a few old fashioned prejudices, to seek in the town of *Vanity*, whither we are going, for the most agreeable lodgings; and in this quest you cannot do better than to take me for your guide; for I have friends in every street of the fair; and while I wander, without any illiberal preference, from one to the other, I am sure to find myself equally welcome to all."

"You make me fair promises, Sir," said Good-intent; "but in truth I have already determined where I shall lodge: even where my ancestors have been hospitably entertained before me; where I know that the laws of my Prince are more respected than in any other quarter of the town; where his statutes are preserved in their greatest purity; and where the most visible marks of his favour have for ages been bestowed. If all places are as indifferent to you as you assert them to be, you will do better to accompany me to the lodging which I have chosen, than to wander idly about in search of another, without any preference to direct your choice."

But to this Mr. *Cosmopolitan* made no reply; so as they were now come to the entrance of the town, they parted; and Good-intent went to *Britain-row*, where he was received and entertained by some of the descendants of him with whom, in former ages, *Christiana*, by the recommendation of her guide, Mr. *Great-heart*, had taken up her abode. But as for Mr. *Cosmopolitan*, he wandered about from one street to another, not occupying himself with any business, and meeting with none

who

who cared to hold any converse with him ; till at last the men of the fair, suspecting that he was come among them with some mischievous design, had him taken up, and would have sent him to prison as a vagrant, had he not confessed that he belonged to *French-row* : so thither they sent him, and there he was glad to remain.

Now I saw in my dream, that Good-intent found it to be the pleasure of his King that he should make some stay in this town of *Vanity* ; to the end that through the continual opportunities which would here occur to him, of resisting evil and overcome the wicked one, he might perfect himself in that true righteousness and holiness, without which it was not possible he should be admitted into the presence of his Lord. And here did he daily experience the benefit of the lessons which he had received from Mr. Interpreter, and from the damfels of the house *Beautiful* ; for, as the Governor of this town is the prince Beelzebub, the great enemy of Pilgrims, so are there continually assembled here all things, great and small, which may prove temptations to seduce them out of the way wherein they hitherto have walked, and finally to disappoint them of the heritage which they have travelled so far in the hope to obtain. Wherefore, though Good-intent would gladly have hastened forward towards the end of his journey, yet did he submit to his Lord's will, as it behoved him, and only sought how he might employ himself during his appointed time, in the manner most suitable for one whose profession was pilgrimage.

Now the town was at that time in a notable confusion ; insomuch that the tumult which had prevailed in it when Christian and *Faithful* had passed that way, was as nothing in comparison with the present commotion. For the whole army sent forth by Mr. Philosophy, and led on by *Jacobinism*, its chief, had entered it from the mountain of *Revolution* and the valley of *Equality* ; and though most of the men of the fair had received, with open arms, these terrible invaders, yet had not their friendly dealing secured them from the ruin and desolation which were spread by the *Blood-men*, wherever they

they turned their course. The first occasion they found of quarrel with the townsmen was concerning the fashion of their houses, which they required them to pull down, and build up again on a new model; taking for the lower wall the tiles which now covered the roofs, and laying the heaviest of the present foundation-stones on the top of all. Those who consented to this proposal, were for the most part buried in the ruins which ensued; and those who declined it, however civilly, were massacred without mercy. Neither did the Prince Beelzebub take any compassion on the miseries of his subjects; for he well knew that the extension of his empire was the ultimate end of the labours of Mr. Philosophy; with whose attachment to his interests he had long been acquainted, and whom he was therefore well satisfied to appoint his vicerent upon earth.

Now I saw that *Jacobinism*, the General, had established his head quarters in the great and wide street which was called *French-row*; whither he had been particularly invited by certain of the inhabitants, with whom he had been long in correspondence; and he had distributed his troops in the lanes and alleys immediately adjoining. They next took possession of *Dutch-row*, and, after that, of many of the other principal streets: some of the townsmen yielding to them without opposition, by reason of the terror which was spread by their approach; and others, who imagined themselves safe because they dwelt at a greater distance, omitting to take such reasonable precautions as might probably have secured them.

Yet, amidst all the ravages of the *Blood-men*, the usual traffic of the fair was in no degree interrupted. The kind of merchandise indeed was changed, most of the commodities which had formerly been in request there being totally destroyed, together with the shops in which they had been exposed for sale; but new merchants arrived, who opened new shops, plentifully stocked with wares of another fashion, for which they had quickly more custom than ever their predecessors had been able to obtain. Yet still there was nothing
either

either bought or sold in the town but *Vanity*; and, in my judgment, the new shapes into which it was manufactured were not a whit better than the old.

Of all who were attacked by the invaders, those only of the street in which Good-intent had taken up his lodging, made any effectual resistance. As soon as they heard of their approach, they erected barriers, and stationed guards to defend them; and when they found that *French-row* was become the chief strong hold of the enemy, they demolished a bridge, which had formed the communication between that quarter of the town and their own, and fortified the banks of the river over which it had been thrown, so strongly, that even the *Blood-men* themselves, though they continually threatened it, durst not attempt the passage. Moreover, many of the most daring of the men of *Britain-row* would often adventure themselves in boats across the river, and attack the advanced guards of the foe: and so successful were they in this kind of warfare, that their name became terrible abroad, and their riches were increased by the spoils of their enemies.

Nevertheless, I saw with surprise, that even in *Britain-row* there were some who had privately entered into correspondence with Mr. Philosophy; who had accepted, as a gift, his magical glasses, and who waited only for a fit opportunity to betray their comrades unto *Jacobinism*, the captain of the host. But I trust that the *Celestial King*, whose subjects all the better sort among them do warmly profess themselves, and who has already offered them, on several occasions, most gracious and seasonable assistance, will continue to vouchsafe unto them his protection; that so they may be delivered out of the dangers which thus close them in on every side; and that, ascribing their safety not to their own strength, but to his favour, they may apply themselves more heartily than they ever hitherto have done to root out all iniquity from among them, and to purify themselves unto him as a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

While Good-intent continued with them, it appeared

ed to him that he could in no better manner signalize his zeal for his King, than by assisting them to repel those who were at once his enemies and theirs. He accordingly bore arms among them in many desperate battles, in which he displayed no less valour than his great grand-father Mathew had shewn, when he had sallied forth with Mr. *Great-heart* and the rest, to attack the beast, which, in their time, had committed such havock in the town. And as, in these encounters, it was his fortune to escape all dangerous wounds, so also did he avoid falling into any of the snares, which were laid for him by those more dangerous deceivers, who are every where, but more especially in this place, lying in wait for pilgrims: insomuch that he would neither listen to the emissaries sent forth by Mr. Philosophy; nor to the *Vices*, who walked in the train of the *Lady Fashion*; nor to any of the impostors, against whom he had been warned by the virgins *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity*: neither could he be persuaded to purchase any of the commodities of the place; which no man can possess unless he consent to do homage for them unto Beelzebub, the prince and master of the fair. At last the time arrived, when it was permitted him to set forwards on his journey; so, having taken leave of the friends, with whom he had sojourned, he proceeded on his way, and soon came to the hill *Lucre*, where one *Self-interest* sat, in the place of *Demas*, to tempt passengers to dig therein for forbidden treasure; but Good-intent paid no attention to his words, remembering the miserable fate of those who had perished in the silver mine, in the days of Christian; and passing on, he next reached the pleasant stream, the waters of which were so refreshing to weary pilgrims: the shade also of the fruitful trees, which were planted on its banks, was very delightful unto him; and he was sorry when he found himself obliged to quit those fields, and to proceed along a very rugged road, until he came to the stile which led into *Bye-path* meadow.

He was careful not to turn aside to go over it; but looking towards *Doubling* castle, which he expected to find

find in ruins, he was surprised, and withal grieved, to see it rebuilt, and garrisoned by a company of Mr. Philosophy's men, who had seized it as a citadel, whence they might the more conveniently annoy the shepherds of the *Delightable Mountains*; whom they hated with peculiar malice, because they were the chosen servants of the *Celestial King*.

As Good-intent passed along, a few darts were shot at him from the castle walls; but when they that were within saw that he received them on the shield of *Faith*, they were aware that no power was given unto them to harm him; so he went on, without further molestation, and soon after arrived at the foot of the *Delightable Mountains*. But he was much aghast, to perceive what fearful ravages the army of *Jacobinism* had made in the outskirts of the pleasant land; and he observed that one of the hills was strewn with the dead bodies of the shepherds, who had been used there to pasture their flocks, while the sheep were scattered as a prey to ravaging wolves.

His road, however, leading him a different way, he soon came to the green and cultivated mountain, on which abode the four shepherds, *Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere*; who, still dwelling in the same peace and security as in former times, received and greeted him kindly; and as it was late, he gladly accepted the lodging they offered him. In the morning he told them all that had hitherto befallen him on his journey, and inquired of them concerning the remainder of his way, in which they best knew how to direct him.

Then I saw in my dream, that, before they would suffer him to depart, they were desirous to shew him some of the rare things which were to be seen in those mountains: so they led him to mount *Caution*, mount *Marvel*, mount *Innocence*, and sundry of the other places, whither they had formerly conducted *Christian* and *Christiana*: after which, as, while they walked, they had been talking of the enemies who now threatened destruction to all the faithful servants of the King,

to whom those mountains belonged as his peculiar inheritance, the shepherds said unto the pilgrim, "Though we know ourselves to be, above all others, the objects of the fury of those miscreants, yet do we entertain no fear of their prevailing against us. We are, indeed, as you see by our profession, peaceable men, unpractised in the use of such weapons as they wield against us; but the King, who is our master and yours, has erected for our defence a strong tower, which is built on the highest of our mountains, and commands all the country round; and as it is plentifully supplied with all manner of warlike stores, and garrisoned besides with the King's best troops, our enemies, however they may boast at a distance, dare not shew themselves in a battle array within arrow shot of its walls, and we therefore dwell in security under its protection: neither have we yet sustained any injury from them, save the loss of a few of our hirelings; who, disregarding our cautions, have strayed too far from the tower, and whose sheep, being, through their neglect, at liberty to wander from their folds, have been miserably devoured by those grievous wolves, which, at unawares, do from time to time creep in among us."

"But who, then, were those shepherds," said Good. intent, "whose dwellings I beheld, as I came along, so miserably destroyed, while their own dead bodies, mingled with the carcases of their sheep, lay strewed in heaps on the ground?"

"Those were men," said *Experience*, "who formerly were our comrades; but who had long since quitted the pastures in which our master commanded them to feed his sheep, and built for themselves other folds, and other habitations, on the hill of *Error*. For a time, indeed, they usurped authority over us; and we were weak enough to forsake our own dwellings at their bidding, and to suffer them to lead astray the flocks which were committed to our care, even as they had led their own; but one of our number, who was called *Reformation*, happening to light on the statute book of our King, which had long been hidden under a heap
of

of rubbish, came to the knowledge of the fault we had inconsiderately committed, and brought us back, with as many as were willing to follow him, to these *Delectable Mountains*, on which our King himself had originally established us, and where we have ever since dwelt in safety under His mighty protection; while those from whom we separated ourselves have perished by the hands of the *Blood-men*, in the miserable manner you have seen. We have heartily pitied their misfortunes, and have afforded what assistance we could to the few, who, escaping the cruelty of our common enemy, have resorted to us for shelter; neither have we borne in mind the injurious treatment which we formerly experienced from them, nor rewarded them as they in old time served us; and we hope that in thus doing, we have fulfilled the commands of our great Master, who has enjoined us to shew hospitality to the stranger, and to do good to those who have despitefully used us and persecuted us."

Then I saw that the shepherds proposed to conduct Good-intent to the tower of which they had spoken; and he gladly followed them thither. Now it was called the tower of *Revealed-religion*, and it stood on the mountain of *Evidence*. So, when they brought him to the place, he exceedingly admired the strength of its walls, and the wonderful manner of its architecture. Then they made him observe, that though the foundations were such as could on no side be shaken, yet the whole superstructure of the building was supported by two mighty pillars, each consisting of one solid piece of adamant. One of these, which fronted the country through which he had passed, was called the pillar of *History*; and the other, which stood on the side that looked towards the *Celestial City*, was called the pillar of *Prophecy*. Each of these was curiously engraven from the top to the bottom; and the shepherds having desired the pilgrim to examine them attentively, he followed their directions, and thereby received much edification.

The inscriptions on the pillar of *History* were very legible;

legible ; and Good-intent read thereon the story of all those events which were recorded in the book which he carried in his bosom, in various characters, and in many different languages ; but all agreeing together in the same purport. Nay, some of those inscriptions, which set out with questioning or denying the authority of that book, did finish by recounting such facts, as did the most clearly establish its authenticity ; thereby confirming what it appeared the intention of their writers to confute. As this seemed strange to Good-intent, he asked the shepherds to explain it to him.

“ Our King has promised us,” answered they, “ that, while heaven and earth endure, this fortress shall never be overthrown. Yet do our enemies feed themselves with the imagination that they shall finally be able to prevail against it ; and of late, many of those, who have been instructed in the school of Mr. Philosophy, have come hither by night, while they have supposed we slept, hoping to espy some weak place in the walls, or at least to find means to destroy the beauty and uniformity of the building. Some of these have attempted to efface the inscriptions on this pillar, and to write on it, in their stead, such others as should be most to the dishonor of our King, and for the furtherance of their own wicked designs ; but it is the peculiar nature of the adamant of which it is made, that the words of *Truth* can never be erased from its surface, nor those of *Falseness* permanently engraven thereon : wherefore, all such as have hitherto thus wrought, have derived no other fruit from their labours, than that of exhibiting, to all who rightly examine the malice of their own hearts, and their inability to refuse their testimony to the very truths, the memorial of which they desire the most earnestly to destroy. Unconscious, however, of the secret power which has thus disappointed their evil purposes, they have departed, boasting as though they had obtained some mighty advantage ; but most of them, in their retreat, have been struck by darts, discharged at them from the garrison appointed to defend the tower, whereby they have been cast down, and have no more been able to stand.”

After

After this, the shepherds led the pilgrim round to the pillar of *Prophecy*, which, they told him, was considerably the most ancient of the two, though it appeared erected on the foundation of the other. When first he cast his eyes upon it, he despaired of being able to comprehend what was engraven thereon; for that pillar was not, like the former, inscribed with legible characters, but was covered with strange hieroglyphics, and the likenesses of many things which belonged both to the heavens above and to the earth beneath. However, when he had considered it awhile, he plainly perceived that many of these figures were representations of the events which he had seen recorded on the pillar of *History*; and continuing to examine them, with the assistance of the shepherds, he soon understood the testimony which that pillar also bore to the life and doctrines of Him, to whom all the prophets gave witness, from the foundation of the world. He also beheld there, visibly depicted, the great revolutions of such states and empires, as had, from the earliest ages, been employed, though they themselves knew not of it, as instruments in the hand of the Great King of all the universe, for the accomplishment of such things as He would have done on earth. Yet could not Good-intent trace all the figures with which the pillar of *Prophecy* was adorned; for, from above a certain height, they were so indistinct, and confused one with the other, that he could not with any certainty discover what they were designed to represent; and the top of the pillar itself was entirely veiled from his sight, by a cloud which rested on it, and on which he could not steadily fix his eyes, by reason of its brightness.

So he inquired of the shepherds why the upper part of the pillar should be covered with such figures as he found it impossible to decypher, and its summit be altogether hidden from his view, when all that was engraven on the lower part was become, through their assistance, so intelligible to him.

“The reason of it is,” replied they, “that the images of things as yet not seen; which are those on the
P upper

upper part of the pillar, are encrusted with a thick varnish, which is purposely laid over them; and with which even those which now appear most plain to you, were once overspread; but, you may observe, though no man can at present discern their full form and proportion, yet many of their stronger lines may be clearly traced by the eye which fixedly regards them; and more it is not intended that any shall distinguish, till the period when one who is called *Time*, by whom the crust has been already cleared away from the lower part of the pillar, shall in like manner remove it from the higher; and in this work we have reason to believe that he is even now engaged; for we have lately been able to discover the true shapes of many of the figures, which, within the memory of this generation, were no less indistinct than those beyond them still remain: even of such as represent to us the distress of nations, and perplexity, which are now come upon the earth. As for the cloud which rests on the summit of the pillar, that must continue to veil it until the consummation of all things; when heaven and earth shall pass away, and death shall be swallowed up in victory. And whereas you cannot now steadfastly behold it, by reason of its brightness, that is because it is illuminated by the rays of the glory of the *Celestial City*, to which we are now exactly opposite. The mists, which continually ascend from the earth, prevent us from distinguishing it while we stand so low, except by the perspective glass of *Faith*, through which we shewed it to *Christian*, and will now afford a view of it to you; but at the height to which that pillar ascends, the atmosphere is clear, and admits the passage of those glorious beams, which, even reflected by the cloud, your mortal sight is too weak to support."

Then Good-intent eagerly asked for that perspective glass, the virtue of which he had long since heard; so they brought it to him; and teaching him to rest it on the base of the pillar of *Prophecy*, that it might be kept the more steady, they bade him look; when, though the mists of the earth did still much obscure his view, he

he was able so far to penetrate them as to discern, through the glass, and darkly, the Heavenly City, with that innumerable company of saints and angels who dwell therein. Then did his heart burn within him through eagerness to be there : while the fear, lest he should not be accounted worthy to become a partaker of so glorious an inheritance arising in his mind, he almost fainted with the struggle, and his hand could no longer support the glass in the requisite direction.

But the shepherds supported him, and comforted him with the examples of many, now inhabitants of that blessed city, who, with the same fear and trembling which had fallen upon himself, had finally worked out their own salvation ; their weakness having been made strong through faith in Him, whose promises had been the rock of their sure confidence ; and when, by such discourses, they had revived the spirits of Good-intent, they exhorted him to bear continually in mind the heavenly things which they had shewn unto him ; and, remembering that all earthly things should be dissolved, to consider what manner of person he ought to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, through the remainder of the pilgrimage, to the end of which he was now fast approaching. Then, seeing that he was impatient to set forward, insomuch, that in his eagerness to reach the city of his King, he had even lost all apprehension of that deep and terrible river, which he was first to cross, they suffered him to proceed upon his journey ; conducting him themselves, by the best paths, to the end of their territory.

Now, as they went along, their ears were suddenly assailed by the shouts of war ; and Good-intent, looking on that side on which he heard the noise, observed a hill, which commanded one of the principal passes of those mountains, on the top of which there stood a small fort, very ancient ; and this hill was beset around by the forces of all those who were enemies to the King of that country ; in front it was attacked by the army of *Blood-men*, led on by *Jacobinism*, their chief captain, who brought battering rams and scaling ladders

ders to take it by storm; on one side a troop of the followers of *Fashion* assailed it from a greater distance with missile weapons; and on the other, Mr. Philosophy himself, at the head of a company of pioneers, was at work on a mine, whereby he hoped to sap the foundation, and overthrow the walls. Then Good-intent inquired of the shepherds what fort this was, and why so many foes did thus rancorously combine together against it.

“Because,” replied *Knowledge*, “they are aware, that, could they once force that pass, a considerable tract of the best part of our land would lie open to their ravages, and our sheep, hearing no more the voice of the shepherd, would stray from their folds into the wilderness. The hill on which this fort stands is called mount *Sabbath*; and we have certain evidence, that amidst all the convulsions of nature, it has continued unmoved, in its present form, since the creation of the world. Yet though from the first it was consecrated ground, men had forgotten the respect which it behoved them to pay to it, and had grievously defiled it by their continual trespasses; when, considerably above three thousand years ago, the fort, which you now behold, was erected on it, being built with the same stone which was used in making the tables of the law; and since that time no enemies have been able to prevail against it. Once, it is true, a former governor of the fort presumptuously raised other walls, with stones hewn out of the quarries of *Tradition*, and inclosed a much wider space of ground, encroaching on the property of his neighbours; but our Prince himself threw down those walls, and placed in the fort another governor, whose office it is to give rest unto the weary, to instruct the ignorant, to exhort the unstable, to assist the devotions of the pious, and to shew mercy and kindness, not to men only, but even to beasts. Though, therefore, our adversaries cannot shake the walls which our King has established, yet, whenever by their assaults they interrupt the exercise of these good works, they grievously injure the world, and on their heads does
the

the evil of their design finally recoil ; and such you will perceive to be, in some measure, the event of their present attempt, if you observe a little longer."

Then Good-intent fixed his eyes upon the assailants of the fort ; and he saw that the troops of *Jacobinism*, not being allowed to take that rest of which their exhausted strength had need, many among them fainted and expired through excess of weariness ; and their general himself was obliged to retire, and seek repose at the house of one Mr. *Decade*, who had stolen from the governor of the fort those refreshments which he offered for the entertainment of his guest. Mr. Philosophy's chief pioneer, whose name was *Expediency*, not being able to carry on his works without disturbing some beasts of burden, who were lying under the walls of the fort to rest themselves after six days' labour, an ox turned round, and gored him with his horn : so he perished ; and the earth falling in upon his companions, the mine could not, at that time, be continued any farther. And as for the votaries of *Fashion*, their darts were quickly exhausted : so they turned their backs at once upon the hill, and upon the *Celestial City*, which lay beyond it, and hastened back with music and revelry to the town of *Vanity*, from whence they came ; rejoicing in their idle mirth, that, if they could not destroy the fort, they at least had no longer a prospect of it ; and imagining they had procured for themselves some excellent advantage, in renouncing all share in the benefits which the governor thereof perpetually extended to those who were within his reach.

The enemies on all sides being thus dispersed, Good-intent entered the fort, and partook of such entertainment as is constantly provided there at the appointed times for all faithful pilgrims ; and having staid there a day to refresh himself, he took a friendly leave of the governor, and of the shepherds (who gave him at parting their customary cautions,) and descended into the plain which lies on the further side of the *Delectable Mountains* ; where he had not walked far, before he entered

entered the *Enchanted Ground* : in the which, if a man sleep, he never wakes again.

The thick and foggy air of that place having continually the quality of exciting drowsiness, Good-intent soon began to feel its influence ; but he remembered that the shepherds had expressly forbidden him to sleep upon that ground : and therefore, though he saw the arbours and benches, which the enemy of pilgrims has erected there on every side to entice them to lie down and repose themselves, he would by no means yield to the temptation, but went on, though somewhat with a heavier pace ; and as he walked, he strove to fix his thoughts upon the glorious view, which he had beheld through the glass of the shepherds ; the recollection of which soon enlivened his dull spirits, and filled him with an ardour, which neither the mists, the darkness, nor the miry paths, through which he passed, had any longer power to quench or abate ; and he had now reached the middle of the *Enchanted Ground*, when the obscurity of the air was suddenly broken by a beam of livid light, which cast a glare on every object, yet seemed more dismal to the eyes of Good-intent than even darkness itself.

He now perceived immediately before him a vast and gloomy edifice, adorned on all sides with sepulchral emblems, with skulls, and bones, and implements of death ; a cadaverous stench proceeded from it, as from a charnel vault ; and earth-worms wreathed themselves around the columns of the portico. Over the door, in characters of flame (whence proceeded the light which had attracted the pilgrim's eye) was written, "*Eternal Sleep* ;" but on the inner portal he descried the darker inscription, "*Annihilation*."

Good-intent started back with horror, such as he had never felt before, except in the black temple of *Atheism* ; and while he yet stood trembling and appalled, a company of men approached, having crossed over from another part of the *Enchanted Ground* ; and when they came near, he perceived that they were of the number of Mr. Philosophy's disciples. Now they had for their
guide

guide one whom they had been taught to address by the appellation of *Hope* ; but when Good-intent beheld his ghastly visage, he knew him to be the demon *Despair*. At their approach, the gates of the edifice were suddenly thrown open by the grim porter, *Death* ; and some of the troop entered with pale countenances and trembling knees ; the gates spontaneously re-closed behind them ; and to the rest, admission would at that time have been refused ; but *Self-murder* stepped forward, and with a master-key, unlocked a postern door ; they rushed madly in, boasting, with loud, though unsteady clamours, the unconquerable boldness of their daring minds ; but these exulting cries were, even in the threshold, converted into the shrieks of terror, and the groans of anguish ; which, however, as the men advanced farther down the darksome and irremediable descent which lay before them, died away, and were succeeded by a silence, as of the grave ; solemn, profound, and dread.

Despair then turned to Good-intent, and invited him to enter also. " Until this enlightened age," said he, " the minds of ignorant and foolish men were disturbed, during the whole of their passage through this world ; by the thoughts of that fatal river, which was to terminate their course, and over which, as it is well known, no bridge could ever be built. Wherefore Mr. Philosophy, compassionating their misery, has engaged the mighty power of *Atheism*, to erect this vast dormitory ; in which all who put their trust in him are free to seek a refuge from the tyranny of *Superstition*, and will sleep secure from all the terrors of *Eternity*."

But Good-intent staid not to hear him farther, or to reply ; the aspect of the phantom who addressed him, had frozen the current of his blood ; but at the name of *Atheism*, horror itself roused him from the torpor which had seized him ; and, flying from the dismal mansion of those, whose hope as well as their end is destruction, he had no sooner passed beyond the shade which that building cast around it, than he began to descry, at a distance, a glimmering of the light of the
Celestial

Celestial City ; and at the same time he heard a voice which proclaimed, " Verily, there is a reward for the righteous ; doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth."

Inspired with the redoubled confidence, the pilgrim hastened forward ; and the glorious light on which his eyes were now fixed, grew brighter, till the perfect day shined on him, as he entered into the land of *Beulah* ; that land, unto which no enemy dares advance ; where the shining inhabitants of the *Celestial City* do continually walk, comforting and refreshing the spirits of such, as, having finished their course with joy, are ready to enter into the salvation of their Lord ; and where even the perpetual expectation of being called upon to cross the river of bitter waters, cannot disturb the felicity of those, who hope through the mercy of their Prince, to be admitted into that better and heavenly country which lies beyond it.

Now, I saw in my dream, that Good-intent had not staid here many days before a messenger arrived, who was commanded to summon him to appear in the presence of his King. When he received the summons, he rejoiced, though with trembling ; and one named *Resignation*, conducted him to the brink of the river, into which he entered : when, neither did he find the bitterness of the water unpalatable to him, nor did he greatly fear, though the waves thereof did rage and swell, and the floods did enter into his soul : for *Faith* supported him even in the deepest part, and guided him through the midst in safety : but when he reached the opposite shore, *Faith* disappeared, and *Certainty* received him.

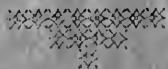
And now, his mortal garments having fallen off in the river, he was clothed with immortality, and appeared as one of the shining ones : a band of whom came to meet him, and to bid him welcome to their abode.— And they said unto him, " Thou hast done well in the sight of thy Lord, in that thou hast preferred his word to all the false and pernicious doctrines of the wisdom of the world thou hast quitted ; in that thou hast rejected
the

the pleasures of sin, which endure but for a season, looking in sincerity unto the Author and finisher of thy faith, for the fulfilment of those promises of which thou art now become a partaker. Therefore the everlasting gates are open to thee, and we are sent to conduct thee into the presence of the King who sitteth upon the throne for ever and ever, by whom thou art accepted through the merits of Him, who, by the sacrifice of himself once offered, hath purchased universal redemption for his faithful people. But, before thou shalt have quite lost sight of the shore which thou hast left behind thee, it is permitted thee once to look back, and to behold what shall be the end of those, who, disclaiming the glorious inheritance of the children of God, have rather chosen to say to corruption, 'Thou art my father,' and to the worm, 'Thou art my mother, and my sister;' vainly trusting in their reprobate minds that they should escape the wrath to come."

Upon this, Good-intent looked back; having from the high bank on which he stood, a view of the *Enchanted Ground*; and he heard a great and terrible sound, as it were of a trumpet; and immediately the rocks were rent, and the foundations of the earth were disclosed. Then the dormitory, which *Philosophy* and *Atheism* had erected, was overthrown, and those who had slept therein were awakened; and rushing forth from amid the ruins with lamentable cries, they beheld him, whom they had pierced, coming in the clouds of heaven, as an avenging judge, with power and great glory: a flaming fire devoured before him, and the terrors of the Almighty shone round about him. Then did they begin to call upon the mountains to fall on them, and on the hills to cover them; but, Lo! a thick darkness arose between them and the pilgrim, and he saw them no more for ever.

Then he turned to ascend the mountain, upon which the *Celestial City* was built: his new ætherial frame glow-

ing with a transport which his earthly body would have been too weak to support. But the light now streamed on him with a splendour so dazzling, that I was no longer able to fix my eyes upon him : so, as I turned to shelter my frail mortal sense from the effulgence thereof, I awoke—and, behold ! it was a dream.







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 389 055 7